

# The Daily Mirror

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as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1914

One Halfpenny.

FETCH YOUR OWN COAL OR DO WITHOUT: THE EFFECT OF THE STRIKE.



If the strike of porters goes on much longer—and there is every prospect of a long struggle—coal will become almost as precious as radium. The price has gone up with a run, and when customers went clamouring with orders to the merchants yesterday they were advised to fetch it themselves. Delivery could not be guaranteed, so

that consumers who had not well-stocked cellars (an impossibility in the modern flat, where such things do not exist) were faced with the alternative of carrying their own coal or shivering. The pictures show children carrying home coal and a new use for a motor-car.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)





## Always Pleases

Whenever Zebra is used everybody is pleased. The mistress is glad because the grates look so bright and clean, and the maids are glad because Zebra means less labour and more leisure. Only a little

# ZEBRA

and a few rubs and your stove is as bright as a new pin, and what's more, the brightness stays.



### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**DELPHI.** Strand.—To-night, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Musical Production in 2 Acts, *THE GIRL FROM UTAH*. Matinees every Saturday, at 2. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 and 8888 Ger.

**AMBASSADOR'S.** TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, *POISSON'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA*. "ANNA KARENINA." (60th Performance). Matinee, Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Regent 2890, 4358.)

**APOLLO.**—At 8.45, CHARLES HAWTREY in *IN NEVER SAY DIE* by W. H. Post. At 8, "The Wife Tamer." Mat. (both plays) Weds. and Sat., 2.15.

**COMEDY THEATRE.** Last 2 weeks, ALICE IN WONDERLAND. To-day and Daily, at 2.30.

**COMEDY.** Evenings, at 9. (Last 2 Weeks) Mr. Tom B. Davis presents *A PLACE IN THE SUN*, by CYRIL HAR COURT. At 8.30, *THE THIRTIETH*.

**CRITERION.** "OH! I SAY." Phone, Ger. 3844. Reg. 3365. To-night at 9. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2 p.m. Preceded at 8.30 by "The Dear Departed." 2714 Performance To-day.

**DALY'S THEATRE.** TO-NIGHT, at 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, *THE MARRIAGE MARKET* a Musical Play in 3 Acts. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.

**DRURY LANE.**—Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30, *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY* RE-AWAKENED. GEORGE GRAVES and FLORENCE SMITHSON. Box-office 12s, 2588 (2 lines) Ger.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.**—To-day, at 2, and Every Afternoon, Charles Frohman presents *PETER PAN*, and Every Evening, at 8.30, *QUALITY STREET*.

**GARRICK.** EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Louis Meyer presents *WHO'S THE LADY*, a new three-act farce from the French. Box-office 10 to 10. Ger. 2615.

**GARRICK.** MATINEES ONLY. TO-NIGHT, at 2.15, *WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS* (3rd year). Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

**HAYMARKET.** WITHIN THE LAW. To-night, at 9, Produced by Sir Herbert Tree, 8.30, "A Dear Little Wife." Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, *THE DARLING OF THE GODS*. Yvonne, MARIE LOHR. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.15.

**KINGSWAY.**—THE GREAT ADVENTURE. To-night, at 9, KENNEL FOSSE presents "MAGIC," by G. K. CHESTERTON. At 8.30, "The Impulse of a Night." Mat. Weds., Thurs., and Sat., 2.30. Tel. City 4227.

**LITTLE THEATRE.** John-st., Strand.—To-night, at 9, KENNEL FOSSE presents "MAGIC," by G. K. CHESTERTON. At 8.30, "The Impulse of a Night." Mat. Weds., Thurs., and Sat., 2.30. Tel. City 4227.

**LYCEUM PANTOMIME.** BABES IN THE WOOD. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.30. Strongest Pantomime Company in London. Prices, 5s. to 6d. Children at Matinees, 4s. to 6d. 7617-8 Ger.

**LYRIC.** THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MAT. WEDS. SATS. 2.15.

**NEW.**—THE SHEPHERDESS WITHOUT A HEART. Daily at 2.30 and Every Wed. and SAT. EVENING, at 8. LAST PERFORMANCES for this year.

**PLAYHOUSE.**—8.30, Mat. Weds., Sats., 2.30. MISS MARIE TEMPERT presents a New Comedy, *MARY GOES FIRST*. By HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

**PRINCES.**—Every Evening, at 8, Matinee, Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30, *LITTLE HOWARD'S* New Romantic Play, *THE STORY OF THE ROSARY*. Prices, 6d. to 5s. Box-office 10-10. 5963 Ger.

**QUEEN'S.**—At 8.30, *THE FORTUNE HUNTER*. Matinee, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

# Sore throat and bronchitis

Bronchitis is the most common of all winter ailments—dangerous to adults, but doubly dangerous to young children. Yet bronchitis is preventable. A course of SCOTT'S Emulsion will prevent cold or stop the cold from reaching the bronchial mucous membrane. In cases of chronic bronchitis SCOTT'S allays inflammation, eases the hacking cough and aids nature to effect a permanent cure.

"My little daughter was troubled with sore throat and bronchitis. She had no appetite and refused any nourishment. We gave SCOTT'S a trial, with astonishing results. It has completely restored her, and built her up to a fat little girl. She dances with delight when she sees the Scott's Emulsion bottle (and the man with the big fish) and asks her sister to taste." (Signed) Mrs. B. B. Chadwick, Baden Villa, 32 Westbourne Rd., Walsall. 30/11/12.



TRADE MARK on every Package.

The constant winter danger of colds, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, pleurisy, pneumonia or even consumption can be avoided by building up and strengthening every part of the body with

# SCOTT'S Emulsion

Not a secret remedy—it is a palatable, easily-digested combination of the world's purest cod liver oil with strength-making hypophosphites and purest glycerine. In every part of the civilised world SCOTT'S Emulsion is approved by doctors. During 39 years it has maintained its reputation as the best builder-up for man, woman and child. Avoid inferior imitations by seeing the trade mark on the package.

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**ROYALTY.**—THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA. TO-NIGHT, at 8.50, Mats. Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.

**ST. JAMES'S.** TO-NIGHT, at 8.40, *THE ATTACK*, from the French of Henry Bernstein, by George Legation. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MARTHA HEDMAN. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

**SAVOY.** TO-NIGHT, at 8, *THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES* and *THE SILVER BOX*. Saturday Eve. at 8, *THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA*.

**SHAFTSBURY.** THE PEARL GIRL. TO-NIGHT, at 8, MATS. WEDS. SATS. at 2.

**STRAND.**—To-night, 9, Louis Meyer presents Mr. W. W. a New Anglo-Chinese Play, *MATHISON LANG*. LILLIAN BRATHWAITE. At 8.30, *THE ENTERTAINERS*. Mat. Weds., Sats., 2.15.

**VAUDEVILLE.** TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, MARY GIRL, by Hope Merrick. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

**WYNDHAM'S.**—To-night at 8, *DIPLOMACY* by Victorien Sardou. MAT. WEDS. SATS. at 2.

**ALHAMBRA.** KEEP SMILING. Revue-Main Staircase and Varieties. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2.15. Reduced prices.

**HIPPODROME.**—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m., *HULLO TANGO!* Ethel Lever, Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Teddie Gerrard, Julia James, etc. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

**PALACE.**—THE WILL, by J. M. BARRIE. Last Week *REGINE FLOREY BARCLAY GAMMON*. JOE JACKSON, THE HARLEQUINADERS. (Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2. Full Programme) Evgs. 8.

**PALACE.**—SPECIAL MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2, *THE BRITISH ARMY FILM*, as shown before, their Majesties the King and Queen at Sandringham. (Prices, 5s. to 1s.)

**PALLADIUM.** 6.20 and 9.10. The Successful Revue, *I DO LIKE YOUR EYES*. POLSKIS, 2 HOLLANDERS, VERNON WATSON, NANNY STUART and BEAUTY CHORUS of 50. LITTLE TIGER, etc.

**MINSTRELS.** DAILY, at 2.30. Children Half-price to Fauteuils and Grand Circle. 1s. to 6s.

**MASKELYNE & DE VANT'S MYSTERIES.**—St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus, W. Daily at 3 and 8 p.m. (The Motor-Cycle Mystery). "THE YOGI STAR." etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 1545.

**CARL HAGENBECK'S WONDER ZOO.** BIG AND BIG CIRCUS. Olympia—11 to 11.10. CIRCUS, 2.30 and 7.45. ADMISSION, 1.500 Free Seats to Circus. RESERVED SEATS FOR CIRCUS (including Free Admission to Wonder Zoo) can now be booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel. Ham. 1597 and Ham. 1540.

**QUEEN'S HALL,** Langham-place, W.

The £20,000 Film.

**ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.**

THE GREATEST OF ALL PRODUCTIONS.

Showing Exclusively in London.

TO-DAY, at 2.30, 6.30 and 9.

Prices from 6d. upwards.

Signora Terribili (Cleopatra) will be present at all performances.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Great Asphalt Skating.

Rink 3 Sessions. Music, G. F. Bant, Organ, Cinema, etc. Grand Piano, "CINDERELLA." Last two days.

Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

**"TRAFFIC IN SOULS."**—Cinema Drama in six parts; showing horrors of White Slave Traffic; daily at 1 and 5, from Monday next, at HOLBORN EMPHIRE. 6d., 1s. and 2s. No one under 15 admitted.

**WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC.**—Herbert G. Ponting at the PHILHARMONIC HALL, Great Portland Place, W. TWICE DAILY, at 8 and 8.15 p.m., from to-morrow, Jan. 24th. Thrilling Story. Unique Moving Pictures. 1s. to 5s. 3,005 Mayfair.

### PERSONAL.

**JOHN** (!)—All my love, dear; have been ill.

M. O. B.—Never loved you so much in every way. My idol still.

**MATINEE.**—Have you seen messages from Saturday onwards? To reply here immediately, dear; extremely anxious—Husband. x x x

**CHILDREN.**—Accept my whole-hearted thanks for advice to "Kiss," it has quite cured my broken chilblains, and so quickly, too. Tell Betty she can get it from Chemist or post free at 1s. 1d. from Christy, Old Swan Lane, Bournemouth.

\* \* \* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-26, Bevismark Lane, London.

### SITUATIONS VACANT.

A. Can you sketch if so, you can make money by it. Stamp for booklet, 7, Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.

**AGENTS** wanted everywhere to call on shopkeepers; terms liberal.—Write, Ivan, Chancery-lane, London.

**AUSTRALIA.**—Female domestic Servants need only pay £1; situation guaranteed; £4 loan if going to Canada, New Zealand, etc. 1614, Strand.

**COOK**—General wanted in a quiet family; must be able to help with all plain cooking and have first-class references; help given.—Reply, stating salary required and full particulars to G. 23, Cantorby, Sydneyham, London, S.E.

**GEMSTO** Servants obtain weekly in addition to board and lodging (good cooks, 20s. to 30s.) in Western Australia; splendid climate; comfortable homes; Government offers assisted passages for 20s.; officials meet immigrants.—Information, pamphlets, etc., from Agent-General for Western Australia, 15, Victoria, London, S.W.

**STAGE** Music-hall Cinema.—Beginners write (guide free) everything explained.—Graham's, 295, Kennington-rd.



# "THAT IS THE MAN," DECLARES WITNESS AT THE TRAIN MURDER INQUEST

Woman Says She Saw Father with Dead Boy.

"IT IS A LIE."

Starchfield's Dramatic Denial While Mother Bursts Into Tears.

## CORD ON RAILWAY.

Dramatic surprises followed each other quickly at the resumed inquest at Shoreditch yesterday regarding the fate of little Willie Starchfield, the victim of the murder on a North London train.

Amidst tense silence a witness named Mrs. Clara Wood identified the boy's father as the man she saw with him on the afternoon of January 8, declaring, "That is the man." Starchfield thereupon rose and cried, "It is a lie." His wife burst into tears and the coroner adjourned the inquiry for a week.

Starchfield, who had been recalled by the coroner, and had repeated his evidence that on the day of the murder he remained in bed till 3 p.m., left the Court unaccompanied. He walked away apparently unrecognised by the crowd assembled outside.

## WOMAN'S STARTLING "RECOGNITION."

Dramatic evidence was given by Mrs. Clara Frances Ann Wood, of Warden-road, Kentish Town, the wife of a shop-blind maker. She said that at 1 o'clock on Thursday, January 8, she was outside Messrs. Daniel's drapery shop in Kentish Town-road when she saw a man and a small boy walking hand in hand towards her from the direction of Camden Town Station.

The man appeared to be about thirty-eight to forty years of age and was 5ft. 2in. or 5ft. 3in. in height. His complexion and hair were very dark and he had a very heavy dark moustache. He wore a soft felt hat.

The boy was aged about five years and of ordinary height. He had thick brown curly hair and a full round face which was neither fair nor dark. "The man," went on the witness, "was holding the boy's right hand in his left."

"I noticed the little boy was munching what appeared to be a piece of cake, and as I am rather fond of children I said as I passed him: 'Oh, bless it!' meaning I was pleased to see the little boy enjoying his food so much."

Mrs. Wood declared that she had identified a photograph as that of the boy whom she saw.

The coroner handed her a photograph. "Yes, I do recognise him as the little boy," was her emphatic answer.

"YES, THAT IS THE MAN."

The coroner: "It is a very clear picture, and you ought to be able to recognise him."

Witness described how on passing a baker's shop in Camden Town on January 17 she recognised some cakes in the window as being similar to the cake which the boy was eating. "I fancied I could see him eating," she explained.

Handed the deceased's jersey, Mrs. Wood said: "It is just like it. That is just how it fitted him."

A sensational incident followed the simple question by the foreman: "Have you seen the man again?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"Where?" queried the foreman.

"Here," replied Mrs. Wood quietly. "The reply caused an immense excitement in court."

"Here?" repeated the foreman. "Where?"

Mrs. Wood let her gaze wander around the court. For some moments she remained silent. Suddenly her eye alighted on Starchfield, the boy's father, who was sitting close to his wife.

"Pointing her finger at him, she exclaimed: 'Yes, that is the man sitting close to my lady.'"

At this unexpected development the mother burst into tears and sobbed violently. "Oh, don't say that, don't say that," she moaned.

## FATHER'S DENIAL.

The effect upon Starchfield was electric. Springing to his feet he cried breathlessly: "Me!"

Witness (calmly): "Oh, it is you. I am sorry, but it is you. This is the second time I have seen you today."

"Me, juddy?" asked Starchfield, quivering.

"Yes," was the reply.

"It is a lie," shouted the father and sat down.

"The moment I saw him I knew him," declared Mrs. Wood. "I saw him outside the court this afternoon."

Mrs. Starchfield continued to sob.

A conversation between the coroner and Chief Inspector Gough ensued, and then Dr. Westcott said that it was eminently desirable that a further opportunity should be given to the public and to other persons to call to mind matters which might lend still further to the identification of the father, or the removal from him of the suspicion which lay upon him.

It was only fair to Starchfield that further efforts should be made to seek evidence on that matter.

Mrs. Starchfield, replying to the coroner, said that her husband was wearing a cap when she saw him on the day of the murder. She had never seen him in a soft felt hat.

The coroner then adjourned the inquiry for a week.

Mrs. Wood's evidence was by no means the only sensation of the day, and before she entered the box new light had been thrown on the tragedy by a number of witnesses.

The finding of a piece of cord on the railway was described by Joseph Rogers, of Vincent-road, Wood Green, a signalman employed by the North London Railway at New Inn Yard Box, between Shoreditch and Broad-street.

(Continued on column 4.)



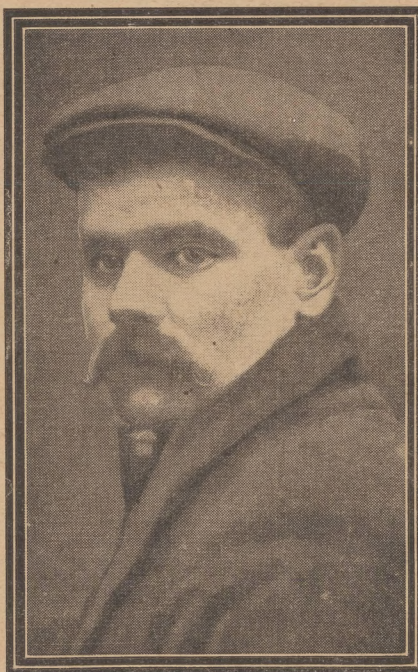
W. Tilley, witness.



Willie Starchfield.



Dr. Spilsbury.



Mr. Starchfield, the dead boy's father.



Mrs. Starchfield, the boy's mother.



Signalman Jackson, a witness.

There was a dramatic scene at the train crime inquest, when Mrs. Wood, a witness, said she saw the father with the dead boy on the day of the murder. "It is a lie!" shouted Mr. Starchfield. George Jackson, a signalman, William Tilley, a street vendor, and Dr. Spilsbury also went into the witness-box, and their evidence is fully reported on this page.

## FIGHTING THE COAL PORTERS' BATTLE.



Mr. A. J. Hipperson (wearing beard) and Mr. J. Hopkin, who are directing the strike on behalf of the London coal porters.

Signalman Tells of Seeing Man in Train Stopping Over Child.

"A CURLY HEAD."

(Continued from column 1.)

London Railway at New Inn Yard Box, between Shoreditch and Broad-street.

He said that on the afternoon of January 9, twenty-four hours after the murder, he picked up between those stations a piece of cord, which was lying near No. 2 up home signal, near the wall.

The next day he handed the string to an inspector. Another signalman subsequently told him that he, too, had seen the string at the same spot, but did not disturb it.

The string, which was looped, was produced and shown to the jury.

Mr. Henry Edward Garrett, divisional surgeon, the first medical man to see the body, said that the exposed parts were quite cold. The hands and the knees were grimed with floor dirt.

There were all the appearances of death from strangulation.

On the clothing being loosened marks on the neck became visible.

These indicated the recent application of a narrow constricting band which sufficed to form and for a sufficiently lengthy period to cause a marked groove in the tissue in front.

Associated with this line of constriction, many superficial scratches appeared at the root of the neck in front, extending from over the breastbone.

A post-mortem examination showed that food containing currants had been taken shortly before death.

Judging by the condition of the body, witness was of opinion that death occurred between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Death was due to strangulation by external violence.

In answer to the foreman, Dr. Garrett expressed the view that the child was kneeling when the crime was committed.

## PATHOLOGIST'S STATEMENT.

There were signs of pressure on the lower part of the body, and there was a possibility that the child was between the person's knees and was held while the crime was being committed.

The livid groove around the neck suggested the use of a blindcord, added witness, a window-cord or a piece of fiddle-string—in fact, a smooth hand was sufficient to cause it. He thought the crime was committed unassisted.

If a woman did it she could have placed the boy between her knees, provided she wore a loose skirt. But a hobble skirt would interfere unless it were lifted.

Dr. Spilsbury, the well-known pathologist of St. Mary's Hospital, made a new announcement. This was that the post-mortem disclosed status lymphaticus.

The coroner: That would not mean that the boy would die that day?—No, it would show dangerous sudden death, as the result of certain shocks.

He would die more easily than a healthy boy if he were submitted to a sudden shock?—Yes, he would.

The pathological condition of the body, added Dr. Spilsbury, indicated strangulation by a ligature which completely encircled the neck.

The condition of status lymphaticus accelerated the death of the deceased, which probably occurred within one minute of the tight application of the ligature. The head had been pressed against a hard substance and there was evidence of firm pressure on the mouth.

Shown the string found by the signalman, witness said that it might have caused the marks.

## STOOPING MAN IN CARRIAGE.

Startling evidence was given by George Jackson, a North London Railway signalman at St. Pancras. From his box he saw on January 8, he stated, a man in a third-class compartment of the 2.14 p.m. train from Chalk Farm to Broad-street who was stooping over someone.

"It was either a boy or a girl," he said, "and the hair appeared to be fair or curly. The head was moving slowly to one side, the side of the man's face. He had a dark moustache and wore a dark bowler hat and a dark coat. I could see clearly into the train and was only twenty-five feet from it." He had recognised the face of Willie Starchfield as that of the child whom he saw in the train. Witness added:—

My curiosity was roused by seeing someone get up from the seat and seeing the head and shoulders go back into the opposite corner. Then I saw the head move, and by that time the face was as low as the level of the workwood of the window. Then the train was gone. It took about ten seconds. I spent most of my time looking at the face of what I now know to be that of Willie Starchfield.

Jackson added that he could not identify the man because "I saw his face, head, coat and moustache sideways all in a second."

William Woucher, an engine driver, said that between 2.30 and 3 o'clock on the afternoon in question he saw a train at Chalk Farm and noticed a man stooping over a seat as if he were tying up a parcel.

I could not see his face, but, judging from his broad shoulders, I thought he was a powerfully-built man. He was dressed in a dark overcoat, but I could not otherwise describe him. This was in the fourth compartment of the second carriage.

The coroner: That was the compartment in which the body was found.

The coroner said the police had found corroboration of the mother's story of her movements on the day of the boy's death, and had brought witnesses from the lodging-house with regard to the father.

Thomas Stickney, lodging-house-porter, said he saw Starchfield in bed at ten minutes to one, and again two hours later, when he was just getting up.

William Tilley, a street vendor, living in Hanover-court, said when he got up at 2.30 p.m. on January 8 Starchfield was still in bed, and had not come downstairs at three o'clock.

Jules la Barge, manager of a lodging-house in Long Acre, withdrew the statement that he was quite sure Starchfield and another man were out of the house at 12.30.



## TAXICABS FOR CARRYING COAL.

Comedies of London's "Penny a Ton" Strike.

### "FETCH YOUR FUEL."

You must fetch your coal from the railway depot if you cannot do without it. Barrows, pails, or string-bags may be used—or motor-cars.

There was a lighter side to the London coal porters' strike yesterday. The strikers permitted people to fetch away coal from the depots, and there were instances of customers fetching sacks of coal in motor-cars, taxicabs and hansoms.

Householders with small cellars for stocking coal found themselves compelled to hire assistance to cart supplies, and it was no uncommon sight to see barrows employed for fetching fuel.

Small shopkeepers, who retail to the poor wheeled barrows to the depots and brought back half a ton of coal in this way.

Some of the immediate effects of the strike have been:

1. No coal van, not even the trolley vans which supply the poor at 1s. 8d. a cwt., left the yards yesterday.
2. Clerks were employed to load up vans, and at one depot three of them, instead of getting on their feet, were in vain to life a cwt. sack.
3. A small shopkeeper asked yesterday to deliver 2 cwt. to an adjoining flat, demanded 2s. 6d. per cwt.

A North London firm had to decline an order for four tons, to be delivered today or to-morrow. "We have no carts," they said. "All the men are out, casuals as well. It's not skilled work, but the men we've got are not strangers."

Urgent supplies for hospitals and other public institutions were permitted to be fetched yesterday.

The appearance yesterday afternoon of several coal wagons in Fleet-street and along the Strand driven by clerks created considerable interest. One driver was dressed in a Norfolk suit and was wearing a soft hat and a cane.

The Associated Coal Consumers' League, of Oxford-street, with over 15,000 members in London, including Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police, succeeded in distributing a large quantity of coal to members yesterday from its Brompton depot. They claim to have been the only "firm" in London delivering yesterday.

We engaged special drivers and stokers for two of our motor-vans, and a number of our clerks loaded them," said the manager yesterday evening to *The Daily Mirror*. "Ten clerks altogether were sent. We obtained mounted police protection for the vans, and gave our 'short' members five hundredweight apiece to go on with."

"To-morrow we are doing the same thing at our Cricklewood depot also. We are the only distributors of coal by motor-van in London. They cover twelve miles an hour with full loads. The striking coal porters were so indignant and tried to intimidate our men, but the mounted police were too much for them."

(Photographs on pages 1 and 3.)

### WHAT THE MEN WANT.

At present there are 10,000 coal porters idle, and the support of the Vehicle Workers' Union has been promised.

The main demands are:—

Loaders at present earn 9d. and want 10d. a ton. Cartmen earn 9d. and want 9d. a ton.

The action of the men has paralysed the entire coal trade of the metropolis. Gas companies and electric generating stations will not be affected, for their coal comes direct from the collieries.

There was a mass meeting of 500 men yesterday at Holborn Hall, formerly the Holborn Town Hall, which is next door to the headquarters of the Coal Porters' Union. The attendance exceeded 1,000, and public and Press were excluded. It was decided by a show of hands to "sit out" for the present.

To-day at 2 p.m. there will be a mass meeting under the arches at Somers Town, just north of King's Cross Station.

The Coal Merchants' Society:—

Will not concede the strikers' demands.

Want an arbitrator appointed by the Lord Mayor or the L.C.C.

The retail prices of coal are not to be raised this week, a meeting of merchants at the Coal Exchange has decided.

### SCENES IN MEAN STREETS.

A coalie's wife in Somers Town, whose husband only had two days' work last week, owing to the preliminary strike there, yesterday told *The Daily Mirror* that she had to break open her children's money-boxes to buy a little tea—"and they only had farthings in, too."

In the little greengrocers' shops around St. Pancras there was a never-ending stream of people with small shopping bags and bits of soap, instead of taking away all the coal they could afford.

### LOCK-OUT OF 150,000 BUILDERS?

A general lock-out in the building trade, which would involve nearly 150,000 men, seems now inevitable. The men refuse to sign a circular binding themselves under penalty of 20s. not to cease work because of the employment of non-union men.

The masters declare they will lock the men out unless the circular is signed on Saturday.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly and south-easterly breeze; fair and dry; cold; frosty inland and on the south coast.

Lighting-up time, 5.30 p.m. High water at London Bridge, 11.33 a.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS. Holborn Green. City. 5 p.m.: Barometer, 30.21 in., steady; temperature, 34 deg.; wind, E. moderate; weather, heavy, very keen air.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.

## "HE TAUNTED ME."

Constable's Story of Statement by Woman Arrested in Flat Drama.

He came back about a fortnight ago, and then told me he was going to stay with another young lady, and taunted me.

I lost my temper and shot him. I meant to do it for him, but the thing went wrong. I cut him with a knife and he struck me on the head.

I was happy until he came back the next. Then my temper got the upper hand of me, so I must put up with the consequences.

This statement, according to the evidence of a police-constable, was made to him by Julia Decies, of West Kensington-mansions, North End-road, West Kensington, who was remanded at the West London Police Court yesterday on a charge of having attempted to murder Basil Piffard by shooting him with a revolver and by cutting his throat with a knife.

Accused, who was described as of independent means, looked ill and was given a seat in the dock.

The prisoner's servant said Mr. Piffard lived with the accused at Kew and afterwards at West Kensington.

About three on Thursday morning last she was awakened by a smashing of glass, and then heard a knocking at her door. She went down to the kitchen and switched on the light, and saw Mr. Piffard and defendant by the dresser.

Mr. Piffard was holding the accused down, and he handed witness a revolver. The accused was lying on her back, and Piffard was bending over her, holding her down with a hand, on her shoulder. They were both covered with blood.

Continuing, witness said Piffard asked her to take the revolver, and she put it outside the door.

Before accused was remanded it was stated that Piffard was improving slowly.

## LAW FOR THE ACTOR.

Home Office to Bring Forward Measure Regulating Theatrical Engagements.

There is to be legislation dealing with theatrical engagements.

As the result of public feeling created by the plight of actors and actresses stranded by reason of the failure of the "Romance of India" spectacle at Earl's Court, the Home Office has decided to drop the Children (Employment Abroad) Bill.

This Bill was intended to safeguard the interests of young people accepting stage engagements to be performed in foreign countries.

The provisions of the Bill in question, which was introduced by Mr. McKenna last year, will be embodied in a much wider measure.

A Home Office inquiry is proceeding with a view to obtaining the whole facts of the question.

## CIGARETTE HABIT CURE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—A crusade to banish the cigarette habit among men and boys was inaugurated last night in the court-room of Recorder John J. McGovern, in the City Hall of Hoboken.

With a preparation of nitrate of silver physicians washed the palate of each boy.

Some made wry faces and spluttered, coughed and choked, looking generally unhappy at the first taste of the mixture, much to the amusement of the men, who held back to see what was going to happen. Ultimately fifty men and boys had their palates and throats painted.

Each patient was given a prescription providing a wash of nitrate of silver to be taken after meals or when the desire to smoke comes upon them.

## ABBEY BURIAL DECLINED.

The Dean of Westminster's offer to have the remains of the late Lord Strathcona interred in the Abbey has been gratefully declined, his lordship having expressed the wish to be buried with the late Lady Strathcona at Highgate Cemetery.

The first part of the funeral service will be held at Westminster Abbey on Monday, and the interment will take place at Highgate.

## WIRELESS SEARCH IN BEETLE MYSTERY.

Messages Sent to Captain of Canadian Liner.

### ANOTHER PIN FOUND.

Was Kent Reeks, the twenty-four-year-old victim of the mysterious shooting tragedy—known as the "green beetle" mystery—near Wolverhampton, murdered or did he commit suicide?

Some answer may be given to the question when the Allan liner Grampian reaches St. John's, New Brunswick, her first port of call, in about eight days.

The description of a man who booked a passage at Wolverhampton on Tuesday for Canada has been "wireless" to the vessel.

Captain Hall, of the Grampian, sent the following telegram to *The Daily Mail* last night:—

By wireless, s.s. Grampian, at sea, Thursday, 9.30 p.m.—The emigrant aboard denies knowledge of Thomas Kent Reeks. Evidently mistake—Captain Hall.

One development yesterday was the discovery near the pit shaft of another imitation beetle in white metal. It appeared to be the ornament from a woman's hat-pin.

At the inquest, which was opened at Bilston Town Hall yesterday, nothing was revealed which threw any light on the mystery.

The inquest was adjourned till February 10 after the dead man's uncle, Thomas Kent, of Chorley-road, Swinton, Manchester, had given evidence. He said that Reeks came from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Saturday morning and visited him, returning to Liverpool in the evening.

Thomas Kent Reeks was a native of Sydney, Australia, and was lately engaged as fourth engineer to the Scotia, a ship belonging to the United Fruit Company, Orleans.

His father is Mr. Walter Reeks, Australia's leading authority on naval architecture.

After Reeks landed at Liverpool on Saturday from the Empress of Ireland he took rooms on that day at an hotel in Lord Nelson-street, and struck up an acquaintance with a visitor from Chicago.

The latter, a tall young fellow about thirty years of age, left on Monday saying that he was going to Leeds. Ascertaining this, Reeks, carrying a small parcel, went out to search for him.

### STORY OF SEAFARING MAN.

The main facts which go to suggest that Reeks was murdered are these:—

No revolver has been found.

No hat has been found.

The head was covered by an overcoat.

A green beetle tibia was picked up some distance away from the body, apparently having been torn off in a struggle.

A statement has been circulated by Inspector Robotham, who is engaged on the case, that it has been proved that Reeks had 5000s. (£100) in paper money when he left Liverpool.

Why Reeks went to Wolverhampton at all is one of the mysteries of the case.

He was found dead, shot through both eyes, in a ditch, a few yards from disused colliery, at Ettingshall, about two miles from Wolverhampton.

The uncle of the dead man, who established his identity, suggests that Reeks might have met a seafaring man, and been induced to go to Wolverhampton.

This man is described as about thirty years of age, 5ft. 11in. in height, clean shaven, dark hair, wearing spectacles at times, inclined to be slender; dressed in dark overcoat, in bowler hat and brown gloves.

The booking clerk on the London and North-Western Station, Wolverhampton, states that at 10.30 on Tuesday night a man came to the booking window with a voucher for a passage booked through Cooks on the Grampian, which left the Mersey on Wednesday.

The clerk was struck with the agitated manner of the man, and his description tallied exactly with that of the man who had been associated with Reeks in Liverpool.

## THE MAN WHO WAS NOT.

French "General John Regan" Hoax on Ex-Cabinet Ministers.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 22.—Many French deputies and senators have been hoaxed by a Paris journalist, who, for their delation, created a French counterpart of "General John Regan," the imaginary hero in George A. Birmingham's Irish farce.

He wrote stating that, owing to the liberality of generous admirers, a statue of Hegesippe Simon, a wholly fictitious author, had been completed, and asked them to become honorary members of the Centenary Committee formed to carry out the scheme of a public statue.

On the "committee's" notepaper was printed a profound thought taken from the works of the great writer: "When the sun rises the darkness vanishes."

The victims are fifteen French senators, nine members of the Chamber of Deputies and three municipal councillors. Among them are former Cabinet Ministers.

They responded with alacrity, and several offered to deliver speeches at the unveiling honouring the memory of the writer of whom several spoke in terms of deep respect.

But today, on the eve of the function, the senators and deputies read in the *Edclair* the story of the vanity which led them to neglect to make inquiries into the good faith of the invitation.

## SPORT AS DIVORCE PLEA.

Famous American Beauty Files Petition Against Millionaire.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—A telegram from Newport (Rhode Island) states that Mrs. Robert Goetel has filed a petition for absolute divorce.

Mrs. Goetel alleges extreme cruelty on the part of her husband.

The chief trouble arises through her husband's love of sport, while Mrs. Goetel's interests are centred in art.

Mr. Robert Goetel will contest the action.—Central News.

Mr. Robert Goetel is the son of the late Mr. Ogden Goetel and brother of the Duchess of Rutland. He is also one of America's multi-millionaires.

His wife was formerly Miss Elsie Whelen, of Philadelphia. She is noted beauty of unusual height, and at the time of her marriage in 1904 was acclaimed as the most beautiful girl in Newport.

Although she was poor, Miss Whelen was the most admired girl in the States, and when Mr. Goetel, who was the richest bachelor in America, won her he was looked upon as a very fortunate man. (Photographs on page 8.)

### PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



Sir Daniel Gooch, of Hyland, Gloucestershire, who has been invited by Sir Ernest Shackleton to accompany him on his Antarctic expedition. He will probably go.



Mr. Charles Hamilton, who has been invited by Sir Ernest Shackleton to accompany him on his Antarctic expedition. He will probably go.

### CABINET AND THE NAVY.

The first meeting of the Cabinet this year was held at No. 10, Downing-street, yesterday, Ministers remaining in consultation for a little over two hours. There was a full attendance.

The only authentic information regarding the business discussed was the reply of a Cabinet Minister, who on entering a political club and was asked by a member, "Well, what have the Cabinet been discussing to-day?" A straightforward question demands a straightforward answer, replied the Minister. "We discussed the Milk and Dairies Bill."

The view is universally taken that there will be no Cabinet split, that Mr. Churchill has laid his point on the question of the completion of the present programme, and that the Cabinet will agree to a vote of £50,000,000 at least for the Navy.

### "STARS" DELIGHTFUL MEMORIES.

Almost everybody who is anybody in the theatrical world was present at the Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden last night—and this morning.

Sir Herbert Tree appeared as Sir Peter Teazle with Miss Marie Lohr as Lady Teazle; Miss Marie Tempest as the Geisha; and Mr. Gerald du Maurier as Captain Hook, in a group from Peter Pan.

Delightful memories were recalled when at midnight there were presented "Flashlight Memories."

In these were seen again Miss Edna May as the Belle of New York; Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "The Admirable Crichton"; Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Braverton in "The Taming of the Shrew"; Miss Marie Tempest as Nell Gwynne; and Sir George Alexander and Miss Winifred Emery in "Money."



Mr. R. P. Gosoll.

Miss McCarthy.

Mrs. Gosoll.

Mr. R. P. Gosoll was attired as Tiger Pierrot, and Miss Liliah McCarthy as Viola. Mrs. Gosoll was wearing a Russian futurist costume.





The King.

understand that there will be a command theatrical performance in the Waterloo Chamber. Both their Majesties are very fond of Windsor, and since they came to the throne the Castle has been restored to its former position as the chief residence of the Sovereign. King George, with his greater domestic interests, has always been influenced by the superior healthiness of Windsor, and its advantages in the way of privacy and freedom.

#### The Hard-Worked King.

Her Majesty's suite in the Victoria Tower, which is set apart for the Queen and the royal children, consists of five rooms commanding a lovely view of the famous Long Walk. It has a delightfully sunny aspect overlooking the sunk gardens and the slopes where the Windsor garden-parties are held. In the private apartments of the King and Queen are cleverly planned wall-cases, arranged cunningly with shelves and secret springs which open at a touch, revealing the jewels and personal treasures of their Majesties. The King's work never stops. He gets up every day at from 6.30 to 7, or even earlier if occasion demands. When not going for a ride he takes a quarter of an hour's physical exercise immediately on getting up. He wastes but little time in dressing, and by half-past seven has had the important items of the day's news brought to him, and mastered the contents of the private mail-bag in which his personal letters are brought by special messenger to wherever he may be residing.

#### The Homely Breakfast.

When he can spare the time for it, he devotes half an hour or so to his children before he begins the serious work of the day; the elder ones come to his room. Breakfast is a purely family function. Although there are servants in the room, it is the custom for everyone to help himself, just as in the majority of British homes. Among the dishes, the average housewife will be interested to hear, porridge and bacon and eggs invariably figure. Quantities of fruit are also in evidence.

#### Quick Time.

The double quick time in which Miss Ellaline Terriss secured the coveted English rights of "La Belle Aventure," the reigning Paris attraction, shows that when lovely woman really does get busy she is hard to stop. Departing from London on Sunday, Miss Terriss saw the piece the same evening, and, in spite of keen competition, bought it, caught the early homeward service, and was in plenty of time to join her husband for the Monday afternoon performance of their new play, "Always—Tell Your Wife," at the Coliseum.



Miss Ellaline Terriss.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

#### Healthy Windsor.

Now that the King and Queen have returned to Windsor, I understand that there will be a command theatrical performance in the Waterloo Chamber. Both their Majesties are very fond of Windsor, and since they came to the throne the Castle has been restored to its former position as the chief residence of the Sovereign. King George, with his greater domestic interests, has always been influenced by the superior healthiness of Windsor, and its advantages in the way of privacy and freedom.

#### Lord Haldane and the Flamingoes.

At Olympia's "Wonder Zoo" the other afternoon the lady with Lord Haldane was very anxious that he should not miss the circus performance. But she found it difficult to induce Lord Haldane to leave the flamingoes. The sight of these birds apparently filled him with a deep, self-satisfying, philosophic joy.

#### Lost.

Have you seen Mr. Paddy Murphy? On Wednesday afternoon he walked out of St. Ermin's Hotel and has not yet returned. Mr. Paddy Murphy is a fawn Yorkshire terrier with a brown nose and a green ribbon on his collar. He has been the constant companion of his mistress for the past five years. If you take Mr. Paddy Murphy to St. Ermin's Hotel you will be rewarded.

#### America's Actress.

Miss Julia Marlowe, who is now on the sick list, is in the very front rank of American actresses. While still an ingénue she called upon Daniel Frohman and asked for a part in his company. He offered her the "juvenile business" for the following season; but she refused the offer. "Then what do you want?" asked Frohman. "I want," she replied, "to go out as a star in Shakespeare!" Frohman, not unreasonably, wouldn't hear of it. The same season, however, Miss Marlowe gave a special matinee performance of "Ingomar" at the Bijou Theatre in New York, and her reputation as a serious actress was at once established.

#### Religious Confessions.

The other day I mentioned that Lord Roberts was one of the few celebrities in "Who's Who" who give the name of their denomination. Among the other exceptions I may mention Earl Russell, who boldly avows himself as an Agnostic, and Mrs. T. K. Cheyne, who is described as a "Freethinker." Mrs. Cheyne, who is better known to readers of poetry as "Elizabeth Gibson," is the wife of a clergyman in the Church of England.

#### Last Tribute to C. P.

Mr. C. P. Little, the contributor of society notes to *The Daily Mirror* and a well-known figure in London life, was buried yesterday at Twickenham Cemetery. The first part of the service was held in the Church of St. Matthias, Earl's Court, and the esteem and affection in which he was held were shown by the number of distinguished people present. Among them were Earl Howe, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, the Hon. Harry Lawson, and Mr. Thomas Marlowe, Editor of *The Daily Mail*.

#### Powders for Cats.

Powders for cats are being sold in grocers' shops at present. So that, if Pussy is bilious, one has only to run and buy a penny powder, just as a person buys a headache cure.

#### Larger Cigarette Cases.

The cigarette habit, which has induced some people to have special cigarette pockets made in their coats has caused silversmiths and goldsmiths to think of entirely new designs in cases. The latest cases are either very long and very thin, being double the ordinary size, or have three compartments for cigarettes.

#### Curran at Luna Park.

Petty-Officer Curran, the English boxer, who is famous for the number of matches he has lost on fouls, and for the fact that he has never been knocked out, fights Sam Langford at Luna Park, Paris, to-morrow night. Curran is likely to know what it feels like to be knocked out, unless he is unfortunate enough to be disqualified again. In America Langford had to fight very carefully, and often dare not expose his true form.

#### A Langford Story.

He was explaining this some years ago at the National Sporting Club. "But sometimes," he went on, "dey lets me fight my way." "What happens then?" "Why, den," said Langford with a slow, wide smile, "den I knocks their blocks off." Langford has got to keep on proving that the rumour that he has gone back is not true; and that the decision, in twelve rounds, that Gunboat Smith got against him, was a fluke. I cannot think of anything more unpleasant than being one of the men he "proves it" on.



Miss Rose Hersee, one of the first Alcees in Wonderland. She is a notable exception to the rule that child actresses never grow up into clever adult performers.

#### Mystery of King-street.

There is another "missing man" mystery in London. A few days ago I heard from a country friend that he had arrived in town and had taken rooms at—King-street. I noted the address and destroyed both letter and envelope. Wishing to call on the newcomer the next day I hailed a taxicab and gave the address in King-street. "Which King-street?" asked the driver, adding that there were about eleven thoroughfares of that name in London. I haven't time to be an explorer, and my friend must remain missing till he writes again.

#### Charles and James.

Those who named London streets seem to have had as little imagination as many parents have in choosing names for their children. I find that there are ten Charles-streets, eight William-streets, five James-streets and four John and George streets.

#### Getting Rid of Them.

Bad as they are, things were worse in the 'sixties, when there were sixty-eight John-streets, sixty-five Charles-streets, and many thoroughfares that had thirty or forty names. The L.C.C. are busy at work changing names where change is required.

#### The Prince and India.

A statement appeared in print the other day that the Prince of Wales intended to visit India in the cold season next year, but I am assured by a high official at the India Office that there is not the slightest foundation for the report. The same authority also tells me that Lord Hardinge has made it perfectly plain that he intends to serve his full term of office, and will not be in London for the next two years.

#### The First Alce.

Those who recollect the production some years ago of the dramatised version of George du Maurier's famous novel, "Trilby," will remember the extraordinary resemblance of Miss Dorothea Baird—as she was then—to the Trilby as depicted in the illustrations in the book. In like manner Miss Rose Hersee, one of the first of the long series of child actresses who have played "Alice in Wonderland," made the audiences at the old Opera Comique gasp with astonishment. She was so like Lewis Carroll's own drawings of his child heroine that—to quote a first-night critic of the time—"she seemed to have stepped straight from the pages of the book."

#### The Eternal Talker.

Of all the bores in this world there is none so soul-deadening and exhausting as the interminable talker—the man possessed of a Niagara of words and a grim determination to drown all his hearers with his post-prandial oratory. I have often wondered how long it would be before there was a crusade against this type of bore, and I am glad to find that a famous literary club has imposed a hard and fast time limit on speakers.

#### Clock Watchers.

A "ten minutes' speech" crusade has been adopted, and it came into force at a dinner last night. Two of the speakers laid their watches on the table, and one speaker talked for five minutes and the other for eight. The third speaker cheerfully went on for thirty minutes, but the "ten-minute" orators "talked" to him afterwards, and he has promised to offend no more.

#### All Honour to the Bravo.

Over 200 public men, I hear, have promised to keep to the "ten minutes' rule. There is now hope for the musical programme.

#### The Cheerful Hearth.

"I have always loved a coal fire," writes a correspondent in a letter which contrasts the modern steam pipes with the old-fashioned blaze on the hearth. Of course, nothing in the world can be compared with a coal fire except a fire of wood logs. Mr. Max Beerbohm once wrote with artificial affection of the asbestos stove, but he was not convincing. The steam pipe gives to all sort of ills, and death follows very quickly, and is horrible.

#### THE RAMBLER.

Mr. Max Beerbohm.



### GROPING FOR THE A 7.

#### Divers Working 23 Fathoms Deep at Hull Half-Buried in Silt.

Groping at the bottom of Whitland Bay, twenty-three fathoms below the surface, divers spent yesterday trying to place slings around the sunken submarine A7 (which lies half buried in silt) in order that she might be lifted by the salvage vessels and brought into Devonport Dockyard.

The depth at which the A7 lies is almost the limit at which divers can work, and in addition their efforts are hampered by the silt that holds the vessel in a slimy grip.

The discovery of the position where the A7 lay was made by Diver William Garland.

He carried out his work in inky blackness, and had to be guided by his sense of touch in tying the line of a buoy to the vessel.

In a heavy swell three dockyard lighters were placed in position yesterday morning, waiting until the divers were able to place the slings round the submarine.

An important factor in the raising of the A7 will be the tide. Once the slings are secured round the hull the salvage vessels will have to wait until the current sets shoreward before they can make the first move towards Devonport.

The A7 will be placed in a specially prepared dock at Devonport, and after the conning tower has been opened air will be forced into the hull to clear the atmosphere.

Then plates will be removed from the sides and the bodies taken out, none but those actually engaged in the work being permitted to watch the operations.

### DANCER AND HIS HOT-WATER BOTTLE.

#### Claim Against Medical Head of Nursing Home for Burned Legs—Story of Bridge Player's Fate.

That he had suffered in his career as a dancer owing to his legs being burned by a hot-water bottle, placed in his bed while he was at a nursing home, was alleged by Mr. Victor Chillely, of Sydenham, a student of music, who was the plaintiff in a case before Mr. Justice Darling yesterday.

He sued Dr. Anthony Bradford, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, into whose nursing home he went to undergo an operation, for damages for alleged negligence. The operation was performed by another doctor.

At the time he went into the home, said his counsel, Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., he was learning singing and dancing with a view to going on the musical comedy stage, and owing to the burns on his legs he was obliged to discontinue.

Shortly after he arrived at the home he was put to bed and a nurse brought him an indiarubber hot-water bottle. An hour before the operation he was given an injection of morphia.

When he recovered consciousness, two hours after the operation, he felt very severe pains in his legs, which were so badly burned and covered with blisters that he got no sleep that night.

Mr. Chillely, who is twenty-six years of age, then gave evidence, speaking in a low voice.

The Judge: They won't hear you in the stalls if you do not speak louder than that.

Mr. Chillely, raising his voice to the right pitch, then described how he woke up after the operation with "frightful pain" in his legs.

"I pushed my legs out of bed," stated Mr. Chillely, "and said, 'Oh, nurse, look at my blank legs.'"

Counsel: Your what?—My blank legs.

The Judge: You used, I suppose, a medical term? (Laughter.)

The Judge: Henrietta House is not a restaurant where they roast things. (Laughter.)

Mr. Sanderson suggested that the house at Princes Risborough where Mr. Chillely stayed was Dr. Bradford's private house, and asked: "You know a private house when you see it?"

The Judge: You know a public-house when you see it? (Laughter.)

Dr. Cyril Horford of Wimpole-street, who performed the operation, was asked: Is there anything abnormal about Mr. Chillely—any undue susceptibility?

The Judge: Do you mean does he catch fire by spontaneous combustion?

Dr. Bradford then gave evidence. He denied that he told Mr. Chillely that he considered himself morally and legally responsible for what had happened.

Dr. Corner, of Harley-street, said that he knew many instances of persons accidentally burning themselves by means of hot-water bottles.

Witness then related a case of a man on returning from a bridge-party who got into bed two hours after his wife had gone to bed with a hot bottle. He awoke in the morning to find a blister on his leg. (Photographs on page 16.)

### SNAPPED THREAD OF LIFE

#### Why Many Busy Men Die Soon After Losing Their Wives.

Why is it that many men, following a severe shock like the death of their wives, only live for a very short time?

Instances of this kind are occurring almost every day. Often, too, men who retire from business pass away soon afterwards. An interesting opinion on the question was given to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by a London doctor.

"Once a person loses the desire or will to live the vitality of the body goes down, exposing one to all sort of ills, and death follows very quickly as a matter of course," he said.

"I have come across dozens of cases where men in the soundest health and fit to live another twenty years have died in as many months simply because they had no real desire to live."

"There is no more powerful stimulant than the influence of one's own mind as an aid to good health."

When a busy man, whose whole life has been absorbed in his work, retires the mind is apt to lose its old power over the body, and the desire to live is very often lost.

"Unless such a man has some occupation or hobby he is almost sure to die very quickly."

Lord Strathcona was a splendid example of the mind's influence over the body. He kept himself fit and well right through his ninety-three years simply by sheer will-power and a keen desire to live and accomplish his work.

"Lord Strathcona only survived his wife by a few months."



# SPLENDID ANTI-COUGH AND COLD GIFT TO THE NATION.

## 60,000 LARGE BOTTLES (FREE) AS A FATHER'S THANK-OFFERING.

The great national gift of 60,000 bottles of a 50-times-better remedy than any other for coughs and colds, chills and catarrh, asthma, bronchitis and consumption, is arousing great Public Interest. As already announced, it is the gift of a grateful father for the saving of his only son's life.

In these treacherous winter days, death stalks grimly beside us. From out of the mist, the rain, the fog, the sleet or the snow a chill may strike our delicate lung tissues like an assassin's dagger.

Often what is "only a cough," "just a feverish cold," or "a mere chill" rapidly develops into one of those terrible diseases of the lungs that kill one in every ten of our population.

What a relief, therefore, it is to know that one all-powerful remedy (everyone who has tried it in comparison with others declares that it is 50 times better than any other best remedy) is now available at every chemist's—for instant use. The discoverer's only son lay at death's door. Doctors and physicians and many medicines had been tried in vain. At the very last moment Mr. Home-Newcombe providentially found a remedy that saved his only son's life.

It seemed too good to be true, to the anxious father, but it has proved an equally true saviour of life and health in thousands of other cases of coughs, colds, chills, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and even in cases of pneumonia and consumption.

### DO NOT FORGET FOR ONE MOMENT.

The fact is that not even the slightest chill should be neglected, for it quickly affects the delicate tissues of the most sensitive part of the whole human system, the great breathing area, which includes the lungs, chest and throat. In this way arise all that awful array of breathing ailments that cost so many lives annually, diseases that often are but the precursors of the dread consumption itself. In this class are:—

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| —Whooping Cough | —Croup          |
| —Asthma         | —Bronchitis     |
| —Sore Throat    | —Catarrh        |
| —Emphysema      | —Blood Spitting |
| —Pleurisy       | —Pneumonia      |
| —Influenza      | —Racking Coughs |
| —Night Sweats   | —Wasting, Etc.  |

Do not forget for one moment that the above are the most dangerous and fatal of all human ailments. To-day, however, everyone hoping to find relief and ease from sickness, weakness and pain may now find it free of cost. 60,000 bottles of "Liquu-fruta" are being distributed broadcast by Mr. Home-Newcombe as a father's thank-offering for the saving of his loved only son's life.

Mrs. Smith, of Bellingham, North Tyne, has had an experience almost similar to that of Mr. Home-Newcombe's own. She had tried every imaginable remedy without success, until she heard of "Liquu-fruta." Finally, her little boy became so seriously ill that he was too bad to attend school.

The boy, even in his delirium, begged for "Liquu-fruta," until the mother felt compelled to give it to him.

"OH! SIR, IT WAS MARVELLOUS!"

"During the night," she writes, "he asked and



Don't leave it till too late.

begged of me to give him his 'Liquu-fruta,' and I am glad I did so, as the first dose gave him relief. I kept giving him all the Sunday a dose every hour, and half-doses between if he coughed at all, with a prayer with every dose I gave him, and, oh! sir, it was marvellous!"

That is a heartfelt ejaculation which will appeal to every father and mother throughout the land. Quickly the boy's cough got loose, the temperature returning to normal, and the mother had the great pleasure of seeing her patient daily improve, snatched almost from the brink of the grave.

### YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO-DAY.

To-day you have an unique opportunity of testing it. Not even a letter is necessary. All you have to do is to fill up the form below and post it to Mr. Home-Newcombe, The Laboratory, 803, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., and send it with 3d. in stamps to cover cost of package and postage.

You may test the wondrous power of this remedy—Free. Then, having tested it at the discoverer's expense, you will be able to secure further supplies from any chemist, from any of Boots' 555 establishments throughout the country, from Taylor's or Timothy White and Co., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. or 4s. 6d., or direct from Mr. W. Home-Newcombe at the address given below. Fill up this form and post it to-day. Then you will ensure receiving one of these Free Bottles ere it is too late. Here is the form. Simply fill in your name and address on it.

TO-DAY YOU CAN STOP A COUGH OR CHILL THAT TO-MORROW MAY DEVELOP SERIOUSLY.

To Mr. W. HOME-NEWCOMBE,

The Laboratory, 803, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.

Your offer of free trial bottle of "Liquu-fruta" I would like to accept. I enclose 3d. for package and postage in stamps (abroad 6d.).

Give name and address on separate paper.

# "IT'S QUALITY

"and my MONEY'S-WORTH,

"I mean to have, whenever I am buying for

"the family-table,"—said the good Housewife.

"That's why I always buy

# "MAYPOLE MARGARINE

"Guaranteed BRITISH-MADE

"from NUTS and MILK."

It's popularly  
priced as

**1/-** **DOUBLE  
WEIGHT,**

which means that you get

**2 pounds for 1/-,**

thus costing you only

**6<sup>D</sup>. PER POUND.**

**MAYPOLE DAIRY CO.,**

LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

Over 810 BRANCHES now open.

## HOW THE FRENCH NATION ARE CURING THEIR RHEUMATISM.

It is mutually agreed by our principal doctors and specialists that the epidemic of rheumatism, lumbago, etc., which is so prevalent in this country at present, is much less felt in France. The numerous quack specifics which profess to do so much and really do so little will no longer be tried when once it is realised by the rheumatic and those affected with muscular pain with what ease and rapidity they may recover the energy and sprightliness of youth.

One can make up the following prescription at home at very little cost: Pour 5 tablespoonfuls of vinegar on to the yolk of a fresh egg, and add 75 grammes of ordinary Eauzate, which you can obtain from the nearest chemist's. Mix these ingredients well together, pour a little of the mixture into the palm of your hand, and then rub lightly the place where the pain is felt. Repeat this treatment once or twice a day for a few days, and you will regain full use of the part affected, thus constituting a permanent cure. A great advocate of this simple treatment is the well-known French rheumatic specialist, Dr. E. Hayem, 20, rue des Petits Champs, Paris, who testifies to having cured innumerable cases of acute rheumatism, sciatica, etc., and who has cured by this simple process several of his patients who considered themselves practically incurable.—F. H. M. D.

NOTE.—On inquiry last night it appears that ordinary Eauzate can be found at the leading chemists & stores in this country at little cost.

To get your grey or discoloured hair back to the natural colour, nothing succeeds like Juvenileau, the celebrated Continental Hair Restorer. Sold by all Chemists.—(Adv.)



Just a  
little

**MENTHOLATUM**

On my lips — Chaps gone

Invaluable for chapped lips, chilblains, sore throat and any inflammation. Free sample on request. 1/1½ and 2/3 a jar.

THE MENTHOLATUM CO. R. DARNEY & CO., AGTS.  
Dept. K—56 Gt. Queen St. — London, W.C.

The preserve of crystal clearness—

**Golden  
Shred  
MARMALADE**  
ROBERTSON—Only Maker.



# NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Office of The Daily Mirror are at 23, 25, BOULEVARD STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 6108 Helborn (five lines). PROVINCIAL CALLS 125 T.S. London. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," Fleet, London. PARIS OFFICE: 36, Rue du Sentier.

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1914.

### NO COAL IN THE COLD.

WE talked yesterday evening with a minute philosopher who has, we believe, adopted the tenets of the Stoic system as a reasonable guide to life.

The Stoic system, you may remember, was mainly ethical: it drove principally at conduct and identified right living with right doing. And undoubtedly our philosopher does order his life with a certain self-conscious elaboration. He lives simply, as he says, and "according to nature." That is—as we interpret it—he, being of an equable and moderate temperament, never feels impelled to overeat, overdrink or do anything else overmuch: though, within those bounds, he has absolutely everything he could possibly want, a large fixed income, and no financial anxieties.

And thus it happens that it is mainly in reference to other people that we note the application of his Stoicism.

He holds that England is given up to weaklings; our ancient strength is gone from us; we do not know how to endure. We ought to endure; everybody ought to—especially other people. Much pitiable nonsense (he told us) is talked about the poor and their needs. We are full of nonsense about reforming the conditions of their lives. But the poor themselves—do we reform them? Do we teach them habits of thrift and frugality, such as the French peasant displays? Think of their extravagance, their huge Sunday midday dinners wasting a week's wages! Think of the way they spend on the superfluous and go without the necessary! Think . . .

But as he was about to think of something else he noticed suddenly that the fire had nearly died. He opened the large oak coal box. No coal. No coal and no logs. "Excuse me a minute," he said, and rang the bell.

His man appeared. "More coal," said the Stoic. "Please, sir, I am sorry there is none but kitchen coal and not much of that, sir, cook says." "None but kitchen coal? What do you mean? Why not?" "Well, sir, we sent two days ago for a couple of tons, but it hasn't come, sir." "Not come! What the deuce! Why not?" "I am informed there is a coal strike on, sir."

There was a dreadful pause. Then the philosopher grew quite red, an unwelcome red of anger, and suddenly shot out the syllables: "You fool!" "Yessir."

"Couldn't you have got in the coal before this happened, you underhead? Now what are we to do?" "Can't say, sir." "Good Heavens! What are we to do? No coal in this weather? It's intolerable." And he turned sharply to us with the repeated vociferation, "What are we to do?" "We must endure," was our remark. He had been preaching all the evening, and it was surely time we got some of it back on to him.

W. M.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 5d. at any book stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Boulevard Street, E.C. "Daily Mirror Reflections" makes an ideal gift for old and young.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Those who sustain their cross will likewise be sustained by it.—Thomas à Kempis.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### MARRIAGE AND LOVE.

THE correspondents who question my statement that marriage kills love, are, I am afraid, only those exceptions that prove the rule. The inevitable result of marriage is the killing of ardent love. This is proved by the general indifference of married couples to each other, the constant bickering over household affairs and the steady increase in the business of the Divorce Court. As for children binding couples closer together, as is sometimes falsely said, why, they are a greater bone of contention than anything else. REASON.

I THINK the majority of your readers will find it difficult to agree with "Reason." His idea that marriage kills love and raises up a crop of platonic affection is to me inconceivable, and I doubt whether he fully understands the meaning of platonic affection. It is certainly not a "reserved force" which flies to the rescue of

### GOWNS AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN Wednesday's *Daily Mirror* a Cambridge tutor deplores the appearance of the undergraduates' dress. "Gowns that would disgrace a beggar," he says. This may be so, but the gowns can hardly be called dress and are usually only worn after dark. Any stranger walking through the central main streets of the town during the day time would be hard put to it to find a gown of any description abroad. He may see smart "town cut" lounge suits and jackets by the score (and Cambridge lounge jackets are copied everywhere), but it is not considered good form to be always strutting about with a gown on, however "torn by bulldogs" it may be, and those few seen are either worn by freshmen (who are perhaps fearful of being mistaken otherwise for town "nuts"), or men going to lectures. It is, of course, one of the rules of the "Varsity

### THE HERO IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE—A CONTRAST.



With slight historical inaccuracy, but with immense power of imagination, our cartoonist here illustrates a curious characteristic of brave men—that they are brave over big public things, while they frequently tremble with terror over little domestic ones.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

those who have wrecked their lives by marrying an uncongenial partner, but a perfect love existing between persons of similar tastes and temperament.

Such love is founded on genuine esteem and regard, and with such a foundation marriage has never yet failed to bring about lasting love and happiness. A PERMANENT LOVER.

Lowestoft.

### COULD WE DO IT NOW?

OVER a year ago an article appeared in your paper describing a Welshwoman, then over eighty years old, who in her younger days often carried one hundredweight of fish on her back for a distance of thirty-five miles to Carmarthen market in one day.

I myself know of a labourer in Suffolk who walked ten miles to a large town in that county, brought back 70lb. of seed potatoes on his back, resting at every milestone, and arriving home for one o'clock dinner; after that meal and a pipe, he planted all those potatoes in his own garden.

Then I also heard of a powerful Cornishman, who, forty-five years ago, carried a 2cwt. bag of manure a distance of half a mile across footpaths, barred by three stiles, slightly downhill.

Could we rival these feats from the younger generation of to-day? FOOTPATHMAN.

that men must wear their cap and gown after dark, but even then it does not matter much, as it covers about as much of the body as an ordinary scarf would.

In the same article a "fourth year man" discourses about the lack of women (I presume he means good class women) in Cambridge compared with Oxford, which he describes as "a city in itself apart from the University."

As the town of Cambridge is a bigger place altogether, as regards population, than that of Oxford, I consider this rather a slight on the place. Perhaps the reason is that the people are more democratic here (we do not possess a cathedral, you know), and residents are not so anxious to "get in" with the "Varsity" as they are in the sister town.

At any rate, in my opinion at least, we have plenty of really nice women here, and they are not snobs, which is a great advantage.

I was born in Cambridge. TOWN AND GOWN.

### AN EPIGRAM.

Death stands above me, whispering low  
I know not what into my ear;  
Of his strange language all I know  
Is, there is not a word of fear.

W. S. LANDGE.

## HOUSEWORK HUSBANDS.

### Our Readers Discuss the Duties of Mere Men in the Home.

MAY I add my experience to those of your readers as given hitherto? I remember that some years ago my husband decided that all was not going well with the housekeeping, and that we "wanted more method." It was very like your amusing cartoon. Men often do come to these decisions quite suddenly.

My plan was merely to let my husband do what he thought fit. I handed over much of the management of things to him. I was particularly anxious to see what he would do with the books. He had always complained of two things (as men do)—first, that the books were not low enough, and second that the food was not good enough. And I must say that now under his management the food was better. But the expense! The books every week! Had I, in my housekeeping, spent so much money, the world would have been down on me at once. Moreover (as your cartoon showed) all the servants were in perpetual rebellion. Others were engaged at higher wages. Expenses daily mounted. My husband had to conceal the fact, but I knew. Only, as they were his expenses, he didn't mind, but simply let them grow.

At last he came one day and in a great state of depression said, "I cannot stand it any longer." "Stand what?" "The expense of this house," he said, and added, "Here—you take it over again." I did so, and since then there have been no complaints.

A WIFE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR.  
Albany-terrace, Dublin.

SURELY when the average business man has been out all day at an office it is not necessary for him to help in the house upon his return?

To my mind, a methodical and business-like housewife will have all her work done by 3 p.m., to enable her to get daily exercise in the fresh air, and in the evening to spend the few remaining hours of the day in the society of her husband.

I think a husband (I mean "a real chum") would always be ready to listen to and sympathise with any reasonable troubles or anxieties that his wife might have.

But, alas! some men are unfortunately "blessed" with impossible wives with petty grievances.

DOMESTIC OBSERVER.

SHOULD a husband do housework? I should like to answer, "Certainly!"

Nearly every Sunday I cook the dinner and wash up, to enable my wife to take the children out or to go to chapel. I sometimes go out with them in the afternoon, and during the week I do lots of little jobs to help my wife.

I don't think there are many men in this country who can beat me at cooking. I am a Yorkshireman and was trained to cook dinner, etc., by my father.

A man should do what he can for the home, and let the wife be forewoman during the week and be the boss on Sundays only, when staying at home to do the cooking.

A WORKER.

### TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

Cadets and Navy. Your own marine-expert views. For everybody knows about the Navy nowadays, or about the Army, or both.

London in a century from now. What changes and what improvements you would like to see.

Cold weather miseries and your plan for doing without coal if now or at any other time you have to do without it.

### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 22.—Now is a good time to remove weeds from lawns, but the work must not, of course, be attempted during frosty weather. It is best to remove the roots, for weeds like docks, dandelions and thistles are certain to grow again if only the tops are cut off. As each weed is removed, tread the grass firmly down.

Climbers can now be pruned and nailed to walls; retain as much flowering wood as possible. Seeds for the coming season should be ordered at once, for the best novelties may not be obtainable later.

E. F. T.



## Airman's Widow Gives Cup for Flying



Mrs. J. B. Manio, widow of the airman who was killed while flying, with the handsome cup she has presented for flying competition at Hendon, where her husband was killed. Mrs. Manio is a great lover of animals. The dog seen in the picture is a pet of hers.

### GOLFING PRINCESS.



Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who has just been appointed president of the Lady Golfers' Club. The Princess is a keen golfer, and plays a very good game indeed.

### LIEUT. BRANDON'S COMMAND



Lieutenant Vivian Brandon, who was imprisoned in Germany as a spy and was pardoned by the Kaiser in May last. He is appointed to command the gun-boat Bramble on the China station.

## BRIDE ON A MOTOR-CYCLE



Arrival of the bride.

Leaving the church. Many of the

No one who saw Miss Rosa Hammet riding a motor-cycle towards the parish church at Crayford yesterday would have realised that she was going to her own wedding, for

### SWANSEA'S OPEN AIR SCHOOLCHILDREN.



Well wrapped up in cloaks, the pupils at Dyfatty School, Swansea, take their lessons in the open air, despite the cold winds. The cloaks are made from rugs. These children are threatened with tuberculosis, hence their outdoor lives.

### WOMAN HERMIT WHO LIVES IN A HUT.



With a tabby cat for her only companion, Mrs. Margaret Hicks lives in a corrugated iron shanty at Gowerton, S. Wales. She built her fragile dwelling herself, aided by a few friends. Fuel she picks up.

### A LI



Mrs. Smirke, on a pedestal. Holland P.



# NOVEL WEDDING IN KENT.

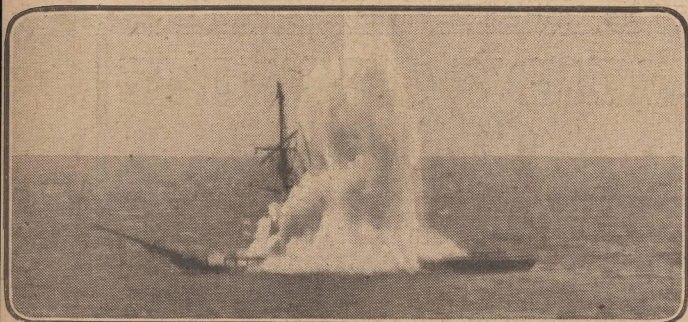


...ne on motor-cycles.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

The bride cuts the cake.

...she wore neither veil nor orange blossom. But both she and her husband (Mr. Gordon Fletcher) are keen motor-cyclists, and she elected to go to the church on her machine.

## BLOWING UP A SHIP FOR A FILM.



Nothing is too ambitious for the maker of picture plays to undertake, and the picture shows a ship being blown up for a film entitled "A Terrible Night at Sea." After the explosion nothing remains of the vessel except a few spars.

## E BUST.



...character of a bust  
...appeared at the  
...ating carnival.

## LORD BRASSEY'S NEPHEW BADLY HURT.



Glenvictor falling in a steeplechase at Newbury. The rider, Captain E. P. Brassey, a nephew of Lord Brassey (in circle), was badly hurt, breaking his pelvis and a lower rib.

# The Queen of Spain and Her Daughter



Queen Victoria of Spain is an enthusiastic skater. The picture shows her enjoying a winter morning on the ice with her charming little daughter, the Princess Beatrice, who is seated in a chair-sledge being pushed along by her mother, who is on skates.

## MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE SUES FOR DIVORCE.



Mr. Robert Goelet.



Mrs. Robert Goelet.

Mrs. Robert Goelet, an American society leader, has filed a divorce petition against her husband, a brother of the Duchess of Roxburghe. Mrs. Goelet alleges extreme cruelty against her husband, who is devoted to sport, while she is more interested in art.



# VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE



THE PAGE THAT HAS SOMETHING EVERY DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN.

## BEST PHYSICAL TYPE OF WOMAN.

Should She Be Plump or Slender?—  
Doctors' Doubts About Modern Girls.

## ARTISTS' PRAISE.

The best physical type of woman is the compactly-built one who has a deep chest, steady nerves and enough flesh to round out the anatomical angles.

The woman, slender and thin, so favoured by fashion nowadays is not the perfect type, but a defective variety.

Probably ninety-nine out of a hundred people will agree with the first part of the above pronouncement by a leading physician at a Congress on Race Betterment just held in the United States.

It is the second part that will arouse controversy. Is the slender woman that fashions favour to-day of a poorer physical type than her plumper sister? A London doctor, with whom *The Daily Mirror* discussed the subject yesterday, did not like the slender figure.

"Too many women to-day," he said, "seem to be taking men's figures as models. They want no waists, narrow hips and a straight front."

"But that is a great mistake from a racial standpoint. If women refuse to develop broad, deep chests, their vital organs will not do their work as healthily as they should do. Lightness and slightness are not correct in a woman."

Mr. William Strang, A.R.A., cheerfully waved the American doctor's views aside. "There isn't such a thing as the best physical type of woman," he said. "People should not be so critical about women. They should be thankful that there are so many nice women in the world."

"Personally, I like best the type of woman who happens to be suitable for the particular work I may be doing."

Mr. Albert Toft, the well-known sculptor, was of the opinion that the "best physical type," as defined above, was very common among modern women.

"To-day even the girl in her teens is a very fine specimen of femininity with a healthy, robust figure," he said. "Look at that girl across the road. Mark how she walks—the firm, natural, free, swinging stride. Clearly the modern tendency for plenty of healthy outdoor exercise is doing its work well."

Mrs. Ethel Porter-Bailey, the well-known Chelsea portrait painter, said that the woman who approaches most nearly to the modern ideal is one of average height, inclined to be slender and of rounded proportions, avoiding anything that is over-developed by excess of athletic exercise.

## TWO BRIDES-TO-BE.



Miss Phyllis Coghlan, daughter of Colonel Coghlan, Leeds and Kensington, is to marry next week Mr. Francis Wood, Chelsea—(Swaine).



Miss Mary Frances Penrose, daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, Trowbridge, Wilts, is to marry Major Charles Scott, R.F.A.—(Swaine).

### This Will Stop Your Cough in a Hurry

Save 10/- by Making This Cough Mixture at Home.

This recipe makes a pint of better cough syrup than you can buy ready made for 12s. 6d. A few doses usually conquer the most obstinate cough—steps even whooping cough quickly.

Mix one and a half breakfast cups of granulated sugar with one breakfast cup of hot water, and stir for two minutes. Put 23 ounces of Pinex (costing about 2s. 9d.) in a bottle and add the sugar syrup. It has a pleasant taste—children like it—and it lasts a family a long time. Take one to two teaspoonfuls every two or three hours.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. Has a good tonic effect, braces up the appetite, and is slightly laxative. Splendid, too, for influenza, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis, and other throat and lung troubles. The effect of pine on the membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable extract of genuine Norway Pine, and is rich in gualacal and all the natural healing pine elements.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your chemist has Pinex, or can easily get it for you.—(Advt.)

## PARIS PLAY MAKES DRESSMAKERS BUSY.

Costumes Whose Trimmings Compose  
'Sets' Have Great Vogue on Riviera.

Very considerable influence is being exercised in the world of dress by "Le Tango," M. Jean Richepin's very attractive play, recently produced at the Théâtre de l'Athénée in Paris.

The gowns worn in the play are being widely copied by dressmakers who are executing Riviera orders. I have already seen on the Terrace of the Casino at Monte Carlo a quaint coat which is a close copy of one worn in this piece by Mlle.



A delightful blouse-coatee in black charmeuse, worn in the new play, "Le Tango."

black velvet and enriched with white silk braidings. This idea will be carried out in connection with the new porcelain bead embroideries a little later on.

One of the leading Parisian tailors is making determined efforts to revive this spring the true Directorate outline. For the moment we seem to have wandered far from the severely straight line which belonged to the Directorate period. But it is always dangerous to say that this or that is impossible in the world of fashion; all one can say is that we seem to have grown tired of straight lines. Nevertheless, one of the most effective costumes worn in "Le Tango" is a purely Directorate. It is exploited by Mlle. Spinnely, who is one of the most attractive little actresses on the Parisian stage. Its material is dull green duvetyn, and the coat has revers and coat tails of a pronounced order. Then there is a double-breasted waistcoat made of mustard-coloured linen, and the collar of this "gilet" falls over the coat at the back. The waistcoat is fastened with enamel buttons, and with the costume Mlle. Spinnely wears chamois gloves with large gauntlets.

## MAGPIE TINTS ONCE MORE FASHIONABLE.

Parisienne never get very far away from their beloved "magpie" combination! Black and white, all black or all white; black pletings lined with white—here we have the sartorial tastes of the real Parisienne. All last winter black and white effects were permitted a moment of repose, but now, in the sunshine of Nice and Monte Carlo, we find them more popular than ever. And on some of the very new models I have seen white silk braidings freely applied to black materials—velvet, satin and fine cloth.

In "Le Tango" a remarkable walking costume was made of black velvet and lavishly trimmed with graduated braids in pure white silk. These braids appeared on the border of the coat and also on the sleeves, and there was a little Mlle. Spinnely's collar bordered with skunk. PARISIENNE.

## PERMIT TO RE-MARRY.

Millionaire Has To Prove He Has Been  
"Uniformly Good" for Five Years.

Because he has lived "a uniformly good life" for at least five years, Mr. Charles R. Pelgram, a millionaire silk manufacturer of Paterson, a town sixteen miles from New York, is to be allowed to remarry.

A divorce decree granted against him in 1893 could not be applied to have it lifted, under the provisions of the new Domestic Relations law, which insists that a divorced husband must live a good life for five years before remarrying.

Three well-known business men swore that Mr. Pelgram had fulfilled the conditions of the law, and the millionaire himself said that he had been following simple life rules for twenty years. He was married at nineteen.

## "DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 76.



Do you recognise this lady? If so, please note that prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of the names of the beauties appearing during which the pictures are taken.—(Dorset-street Studios.)

The photographs appearing under the heading "Five Charming Brides-Elect" on this page yesterday were by Swaine.

"I have braided my hair with bands of gold—bands of gold on my ebony tresses," sings Jacob's granddaughter in "Joseph and His Brethren." Ebony, brown, dark brown, or any desired shade can be obtained by simply combing Seeger's through the hair. Seeger's has an annual sale of over 400,000 bottles. A medical certificate accompanying each package is given gratis, and if you have arrived do not wait another day. If you enclose seven stamps to Hindes, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, London, you will receive a sample bottle privately packed, which will enable you to prove the simplicity of the Seeger method, if it is not already known to you. The full size bottle of Seeger's is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere for 2s.—(Advt.)

## GREY HAIR CAUSES 20,000 PEOPLE TO LOSE THEIR POSITIONS. IN A YEAR.

And yet by a Recent Discovery Grey Hair May Be Easily Restored to its Original Colour Without the Use of Dangerous Drugs.

"We don't want any grey-haired people around our business, because they look too old to have any vim and vigour, and besides our customers demand young people," says the manager in one of our large department stores. And it is a lamentable fact that men and women with grey hair find it almost impossible to secure employment in any matter what their other qualifications may be. It is well known that here in London, thousands of men and women lose their positions annually for no other reason than because they have grey hair. Yet until the discovery that a simple drug known as Kalamax possessed marvellous properties for stimulating the colour glands of the hair, they were little or no hope for grey-haired people. Although they could apply dangerous dyes to produce a dull, painted effect, these were so easily recognised that they only caused laughter and derision. Kalamax, itself, has no colour and contains none. Its action supplies new life and vitality to the colour glands and causes grey or faded hair to resume its exact natural colour, be it blonde, brown or black. You can rub it anywhere on the skin and it leaves no more trace than water, but used on the hair for a week or ten days the change it causes is truly wonderful. Considering its cost is so small at any chemist's, and the ease with which it is applied, there is no reason why anyone should not restore the natural colour to their hair, and thus do away with this handicap to success. A prominent hairdresser interviewed on this subject states that he applied Kalamax to his own grey hair and found that it produced an entirely different effect from dyes. He also used it on many of his customers, some of whom had been grey for ten years, and in every case it restored the natural colour—blonde to the blonde, brown to the brown, and black to the black.

TAKE OUT YOUR WRINKLES WITH CREAM TOKALON, the new disappearing French toilet cream. At all leading stores.—(Advt.)

## CHILBLAINS

NEW SKIN is the best thing known; prevents breaking and quickly cures. Also for chaps. Paint it on and forget them. Won't wash off; you can wash over it. Antiseptic. Imitations disappointing! (P.O. 250) Boots' 555 shops, and all chemists and stores.

## NEW-SKIN

FOR  
COUGHS.

## Orrbridge's

Lung Tonic

FOR  
COLDS.

## Toilet Talk No. 1.—The Hair.

How often one hears the lament, "I have tried all the advertised remedies, but still my hair comes out in handfuls." Not so very surprising either when you come to think the matter over. The majority of hair lotions and tonics do not improve with age, and it cannot be too strongly impressed upon those suffering from falling or fading hair, dandruff and all other ills to which the hair and scalp are subject, that to obtain the best results the medium applied must be freshly made. The tendency nowadays is to subject the hair to all sorts of experiments, using first one thing, then another, the result being that the last state is usually considerably worse than the first. It is to be hoped that by giving publicity to these foolish methods, common sense will prevail, and in consequence be healthier and stronger in every way. One word in conclusion. If you must use something to stimulate the scalp (this is all that is necessary as a rule), get from your chemist an ounce of boronum and mix this with 4-pint of bay rum. Allow the mixture to stand half-an-hour, then add 4-pint of cold water and strain. Quite simple, and at the same time a most effective hair-grower.

Monday.—Toilet talk No. 2. The complexion.—(Advt.)



NEW SERIAL.

BEGIN TO-DAY.

# What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

## THE CHARACTERS.

**FRITZ KAVANAGH**, a young man of twenty-five, travelling before settling down to a political career. He is on his way to India when he meets—

**SUZANNE CLOAN**, the beautiful wife of—

**MICHAEL CLOAN**, known as "Rajah" Cloan, owner of vast plantations in the East.

**CAROLINE CLOAN**, Cloan's sister, a militant suffragette.

**REGGIE LOMBARD**, Kavanagh's cousin.

## THE STORY.

The story opens on the Mooltans, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh makes the acquaintance of Suzanne Cloan, who is going out to Ceylon to join her husband. Kavanagh, at once, that she is unhappy. He suspects that "Rajah" Cloan, ruler over armies of native labour and with the reputation of a bully is not a suitable husband for a woman with the ideas and temperament of Mrs. Cloan. Before the ship has reached Colombo Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she, too, is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

When Colombo is reached Mrs. Cloan introduces Kavanagh to her husband and the young man finds Cloan different from what he expected. He is not the brute and the oppressor and attractiveness of the "Rajah's" personality.

Eight months afterwards Kavanagh is back in London and meets Cloan at his club. The "Rajah" asks the young man to dinner at his house, and, actuated by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cloan, Kavanagh accepts. He discovers that this is the cause of Suzanne's unhappiness.

During the dinner Cloan displays abominable behaviour, which Kavanagh does his best to cover up, sympathising heartily with the while with the man's wife.

Kavanagh joins Mrs. Cloan in the drawing-room. He finds her weeping bitterly. Seized by compassion and affection for her, he arms close round her, expressing passion, sympathy and a man's craving to protect a woman.

And then, suddenly, her face becomes cold. She stares past him. He releases her and swings round. This door is open. "Rajah" Cloan stands on the threshold, staring himself against the light. He comes forward to attack Kavanagh, but trips, falls and strikes his head heavily.

Concussion results. Kavanagh does his best for the "Rajah," and a doctor is called. The young man leaves the house late that night. Cloan, not having recovered consciousness.

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard waiting to see him. A remark from Lombard leads Kavanagh to the discovery that he has brought away Cloan's vestment from the "Rajah's" house in mistake for his own. He puts his hand in the pocket and brings out a note. It is a short love letter, addressed to Michael Cloan. The signature is "Almie," and the address on the notepaper, the Nook, Datcham-on-Thames.

Kavanagh puts the note away, but it is brought back to him when Lombard tells him that he has got entangled with this same woman. Her husband is blackmailing him, and the latter asks Kavanagh to help him. Kavanagh wonders whether Cloan, too, is being blackmailed. However, he promises to see "Almie's" husband for Lombard and settle for him.

Early the next morning Mrs. Cloan rings Kavanagh up on the telephone.

## CHAPTER V. (continued.)

THERE was no key to Mrs. Cloan's feelings in the voice that reached Kavanagh through the telephone; nothing in its intonation to suggest the agony of the night past—a woman's Gethsemane.

"Is that Mr. Kavanagh?" she asked.

"Yes."

Could he have seen her he would have realised that she had not been to bed. She had changed her evening gown for a wrap, but she was still wearing about her throat a pendant worn the evening before, its value not in its cost price, but in the beauty of its design.

"Michael is conscious. He has passed a very fair night. Sir John Bonsett is still here. He is very reassuring, and kind in itself."

"You—you have seen your husband?" asked Kavanagh, with the simplicity of a man on the rack of suspense.

"Yes."

"And—"

"Michael" went on Mrs. Cloan, "remembers you coming, but has no recollection of his accident, of what—of what happened after dinner."

"This possibility had not occurred to Kavanagh. But he will remember presently," he said, and paused.

Expression was so difficult.

His relations with the woman at the other end of the wire had been so subtle. There had been no love-making in words, no intrigue, no deliberate, secret scheming. They both had a fine contempt for underhand ways, though there is no foretelling to what man or woman may be driven by circumstance, particularly circumstance when goading with a pitchfork in the shape of a dilemma.

Kavanagh was incapable of the mean treachery, the deliberate lies and thought-out deceptions inevitably associated with a designed, secret intrigue.

To sit at a man's table, posing as his friend and as his wife's platonic friend, and all the while to be fondling her hand amorously under the table—by way of example—conduct altogether foreign to Kavanagh's open, courageous, impulsive nature, though he had known men given to such ways who would have gone white to the lips and struck blows at the mere suggestion that they were capable of attempting to steal a friend's watch with one hand, while they shook hands warmly with the other. Yet the average man generally values his wife more highly than his watch.

Kavanagh did not know how to make a beginning. The telephone hampered him. It was almost like having to speak a passionate speech into the trumpet of a gramophone for record purposes. But the telephone had its advantages, also. There was no endearing proximity. He could hear her voice and might imagine her expression, but he could not actually see Mrs. Cloan; could not see the line between her brows, the strain in her dilated eyes and the compression of her white lips as she tried to stifle the pitiful sobs that were rising in her throat.

Thought-out speeches, like the laid plans of mice and men, frequently gang agley.

Your happiness is all the world to me—your future," said Kavanagh, at last, the throbb of his heart in his voice.

He would have added that, therefore, it did not

matter whether Michael Cloan remembered or not; that he had seen the misery and the degrading humiliation of her life—what a nightmare it was—and recognised the cause thereof; that he loved her and dared to believe, on the faith of unspoken things, that his love was returned; that his all and his future belonged to her; that he did not offer her them in any spirit of self-sacrifice or martyrdom, feeling bound to do so by a sense of moral obligation and because he had compromised her: "Good Heavens—no! But because he loved her."

This, or something like this, was what he would have endeavoured to express.

And, as he phrased, Mrs. Cloan interrupted. Her tone was changed; was very quick, as if she wished to stop him before he could say more; was desperately tense, for she was trying to plug her ears against the cry of her heart.

"Real happiness would not be that way!" Her words told Kavanagh that she divined what he wished her to understand.

"But—"

"Please don't interrupt!" she appealed. Her drawn face, shadowy grey an instant before, was burning now. A passionate woman may be delicately modest withal. The telephone had its disadvantages as well as its advantages and risks.

"I understand—I know what you mean—and I appreciate it."

She might have expressed herself more poignantly and sentimentally, but that was just what she told herself fiercely she must not do. She might have made most pitiful moan, playing upon the strings of the man's heart in a way that is a source of morbid pleasure to some women with dramatic and sentimental natures even in the throes of a big issue. But this would have been contrary to Suzanne Cloan's character.

Her sensitive instincts had enabled her to understand, and not misunderstand, what Kavanagh had attempted to convey, and grasp his unselfishness. She knew his position, his association with Larchester Cathedral, and what was expected of him. But for her sake he was ready to throw up everything and ostracise himself. There were other issues and sacred obligations of which Kavanagh knew nothing. But, apart from these, Suzanne Cloan, despite the fierce cry of her impassioned heart, realised that to have accepted this devotion of his, as he was offering it, would be to spoil his life, and therefore selfish on her part.

She, too, was finding expression very difficult. She wanted to cloak her wounds, her fears and emotions, not to bare them.

"But," she went on, "I'm afraid that last night you got an exaggerated impression of—well, shall I say my married life?" Her voice was more ordinary again, artificially. "What happened—was not an every-day occurrence. My husband's health has never been the same since he had a heart-stroke, very soon after a bad accident. He has not been at all well for some time—one of the reasons he has come home. Many things conspired against him—poor man—last night. I only heard from him that you were coming just before you arrived. I rang up, but was too late to stop you."

"Sooner or later," interrupted Kavanagh, "he will remember and will ask for an explanation."

"Don't interrupt, please!" Her voice was artificially petulant. "Please don't picture harrowing scenes. Michael, when he is himself, has a very high opinion of me—though I may not deserve it."

She gave a little laugh that cloaked tortured feelings. Michael might respect her opinions, the virtue he had taken for granted in the past, but he had no respect for her womanhood.

"As a rule," she went on, "my husband believes me. If I say a thing is so, or was so, he accepts my statement. He really is not the kind of brutal husband who knocks his wife about."

But a man can hurt and humiliate his wife in other ways. The thought flashed through Kavanagh's mind.

"You"—Mrs. Cloan still continuing—"must not be surprised if Michael, when he is better, calls on you and apologises for his conduct last night. But, please—you said something just now about caring for my happiness, my real happiness—don't return the call. If I convince Michael—as I believe I can quite easily—that the impression he received when he came into the room was wrong, don't look on me as a frightful hypocrite or an intriguing woman—"

"Do you think I—"

"They will be cutting us off in a minute! I appreciate deeply what you said about my happiness. But the great thing is to distinguish between selfishness, masquerading in the name of happiness, and real happiness—there is no real happiness without peace of mind. I just have it all one's own selfish way, blind to the misery and pain one may inflict on others, isn't happiness?"

A lump, not a seeming gripping hand, affected Kavanagh's throat now. He had "seen life" after the fashion of Reggie Lombard, without, at the same time being drawn down by any of the eddies. He had come through the phase with his belief in and respect for women unimpaired, and his knowledge of them considerably widened. But, of course, not complete. That was vouchsafed no man.

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# WE ALL ENJOY

## Lipton's

## Margarine Overweight

### Made with NUTS & CREAM

Per Pound **1/-** with Overweight.

HALF-POUND given with each ONE POUND  
QUARTER-POUND " " HALF-POUND  
TWO OUNCES " " QUARTER-POUND

## SPECIAL OFFER.

To Buyers of One Pound of above, we sell

**3-lbs. LUMP SUGAR AT 1<sup>d</sup>**  
LIPTON Ltd. Per Pound

## MARKETING BY POST.

**FINEST** Smoked Bacon, sides 91d. per lb., half-sides shoulder end 9d. per lb., unsmoked sides 9d. Same 91d., carriage paid.—Write for illustrated list, The Longfield Bacon Factory, Trowbridge, Wilts.

**SAVE** Half your Butcher's Bills and Buy Direct.—Best English mutton, lamb, veal, pork, etc.; mutton—loins, middles, shoulders, 81d., legs 91d.; pork 84d.; beef—silverside 71d., topside 81d., steaks and ribs 81d., rump steak 11d., mutton 81d., cost, 6d.; lamb, pork, mutton, 81d.; cost, 6d.; cost, 10d.; trial order solicited; orders 4s. free delivered London, 10s. country; hampers free; cash on delivery.—The Direct Supply Store (Ltd.), 6, Holborn-Circus, London.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

**GRAMOPHONE**, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 3' 4", record cupboard, completely enclosed, on wheels, 25 10s., approx.—5, Aubert-park, Highbury, London.

**PIANOS**—Boyd, Ltd., sup' of their gold medal pianos on deferred payments for cash; carriage free; catalogue free.—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

## GARDENING.

**MY** 6d. Collection of Flower Seeds will astonish you all; it contains 20 packets new genuine seeds (no old rubbish); all different, all named; such as Stocks, Asters, Gaillardias, Chrysanthemums and one packet new Blue Daisy gratis, worth all the money; the whole 21 packets, post free 7d.—F. F. Lott, Seedman, 139, High-street, Suffolk.

**GIANT**—Flowering Sweet Peas—500 seeds, 1s., post free; 100 white, 100 scarlet, 100 pink, 100 blue, 100 orange, 100 black, in separate packets, free 1s.—F. F. Lott, Seedman, 139, High-street, Suffolk.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**ELESMEERE** College for Boys.—Fees, £15 per term; situated in one of the best positions in England; new term commences Jan. 23.—Write Secretary, Room 67.

# DAILY MAIL

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(Continued on page 13.)



## MOTHER! IF YOUR CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED,

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Bilious, and the Stomach Out of Order, Give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative-to-day saves a bilious child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste; then the liver grows sluggish, and the stomach is disordered.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, with tainted breath, restless, loses his appetite, or has a cold, sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is a perfectly harmless dose, and in a few hours all this constipation, peevishness, sour bile, and fermenting waste-matter will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a healthy, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell California Syrup of Figs at 1s. 11d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Refuse substitutes. (Adv't.)

## WHAT TO DO FOR SORE THROAT.

Some Good Advice by a Specialist.

As there seems to be a regular epidemic of Sore Throats this winter, the following valuable recipe will be welcomed by many. A sore throat is a dangerous complaint, and unless the bronchial tubes lead directly to the lungs and the disease often travels along these tubes into the lungs and there sets up an inflammation that invariably results in a serious lung trouble.

At the first sign of soreness in the throat or around the tonsils you should secure from your chemist 1oz. of Parmit (Double Strength) and take this home and add to it 3-pint of hot water and 4oz. of moist sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will give instant relief and will usually cure the worst throat within forty-eight hours. The healing and soothing qualities of this formula are unequalled, and every person suffering with a bad throat should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

**IMPORTANT.**—In ordering Parmit from your chemist you should specify that you want Double Strength. Should he not have it in stock, write to The International Laboratories, Carlton House, Great Queen-street, London, W.C., who make a speciality of it.—(Adv't.)

## The Beloved Curtains.

A story with a suggestion in it for every Prudent and Saving Housewife.

By Mrs. COURTENAY ST. MANOR.

One of the best ways of avoiding waste and useless expense that I know of is, ask the advice of an expert before discarding draperies, hangings, and especially furniture covers.

Let me tell you the experience of a friend of mine. "About a year ago I suddenly realised that the velvet curtains, which were very dear to me because they had memories of the happiest shopping days of my early life, were becoming passé. I loved those curtains, but as I looked them over I had to admit that they needed much more than the casual shaking and dusting which had been given them in the spring when they were taken down. The folds showed the fading effect of sunlight. The soot and dust seemed to be worked into the very heart of the fabric."

"It was precisely at that moment that you came in for tea, and mentioned the wonderful work that had been done by a firm in Perth in reviving the distinctive colourings of some old tapestries."

"That night, without saying a word to my husband, I bundled those curtains up and sent them to Pullars in Perth, through their local Agent."

"Back came an answer which amazed me, for I learnt that Pullars had as much expert equipment for cleaning, colour restoring and dyeing household hangings, upholstery covers, carpets, rugs, lace, furs, and covers of other things as they had for handling suits and costumes. They clean and renovate the entire contents of hotels and residences; their system is such that whether the order fills several railway vans, or is only a single piece, each order receives exactly the same attention and care."

"Not long after my husband walked into the room where my cleaned and dyed curtains had been hung, and I found it difficult to convince him that these were the ones which we had bought so many years before."

"For the first time in my life I was not afraid to examine my household furnishings with the critical eye of a stranger, and I was amazed at the number of things which a stranger might have said were shabby and ready to be discarded."

You see that whole incident—if I may be allowed to claim the credit for it—started from a single word of mine, when I happened to mention the marvellous work done by Pullars, of Perth. And I trust that in writing this article, telling the experience of my friend as she told it to me, I may be the means of bringing similar pleasure and satisfaction and saving many other readers of "The Daily Mirror."

All one need do is to write a postcard to "Messrs. Pullars, Perth"—at whose instigation this announcement is inserted—mentioning that one is a reader of "The Daily Mirror," and asking for a copy of "The Dyers' Art," and they will place you immediately in touch with their nearest agent.

## THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

### Dog Beaten to Death.

For beating a dog to death with an iron spade John Goodener was fined £1 and costs at Liverpool yesterday.

### Seven Arrests in Dublin Affray.

The seven men arrested in Dublin after an affray with fire labourers were brought up at the police court yesterday and remanded.

### Victimised Old Women Only.

Twelve months' imprisonment was the sentence passed, at the London Sessions yesterday, on Ada Reeves, forty-seven, cook, who had made a living by defrauding old women only.

### Punishment for Pigeons.

In view of the enormous damage to the pea crop by pigeons in Lincolnshire, Lord Yarborough's farm tenants have asked the Farmers' Union to organise a county pigeon shoot.

### Foreign Waterplane's Visit.

A waterplane, believed to be piloted by M. Renault, the French airman, accompanied by a passenger, arrived at Dover yesterday from France and proceeded around the Kent coast.

### Twins Die Together.

Through slipping under a rug in a perambulator during their mother's absence, twins, aged 3½ months, were suffocated, and at the inquest at Bethnal Green yesterday a verdict of Accidental death was returned.

## STOCKS AND SHARES.

### New Issues Devoured Like Hot Cakes—Bank Rate Reduced.

J. BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

As was generally expected, the Bank of England rate was reduced yesterday from 4½ to 4 per cent. Some of the optimists had expected that it would be lowered to 3½ per cent., but the betting in the Stock Exchange was 2 to 1 against this.

The general idea, however, is that a 3½ per cent. rate will be established next week, and that a further reduction to 3 per cent. will follow shortly after.

The latest new issues have been devoured like hot cakes. The lists for the City of Calgary issue of £719,800 5 per cent. Debentures at 97 were closed shortly after eleven o'clock, or only just over an hour after they had opened, while those of the City of Gothenburg's offer of £495,800 in 4½ per cents. at 98½ were also closed about an hour after opening. In each case the lists according to the terms of the prospectuses could have remained open until Saturday. We understand that the Gothenburg loan has been subscribed at least four times over.

Mexico, which has been apily called the country of permanent revolution, has been playing a very prominent part in the City during the past few days. No very definite news of a favourable nature has been forthcoming, but all the country's securities have been actively bought, and a considerable part of the heavy falls sustained during the latter part of 1913 have been recovered. For instance, during the past week, Mexican Railway Ordinary stock has risen 4½ points to 37½, while the First Preference has jumped 7½ points to 118, and the Second Preference eight to 71.

Among Newspaper prices yesterday Amalgamated Press Ordinary rose ½ to 5½ and the Preference were firm at 25s. 3d. Associated Newspaper was also supported and rose 3d. to 24s. 3d., the Preference remaining at 20s. 6d. Pictorial Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 22s. 6d. and 18s. 3d. respectively.

The prospectus is now before the public of an issue of 370,000 Ordinary shares and 100,000 six per cent. Preference shares, at par, by the Associated Provincial Picture Houses.

### Child Murder and Suicide.

After murdering one of his children, a little girl, at Ipswich yesterday, William Wright, a butcher, committed suicide.

### Athlete's Tragic Death.

While handling a pistol for starting purposes, Robert Jordan, a sprinter, who was awaiting another runner, was shot dead on the Victoria Grounds at Newcastle yesterday.

### Irish Peer's Affairs.

A receiving order against Henry Edward Montagu Dorington Clotworthy Upton, Lord Templemore, an Irish representative peer, was made at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

### Former Actress's Bankruptcy.

Attributing her failure to extravagance, Miss Vashli Earle Turner, of Portland Court, W., formerly an actress, applied for her public examination yesterday at the Bankruptcy Court.

### Divers Inspect the A7.

Divers inspected the sunken submarine A7 in Whitland Bay yesterday, and found the vessel with her stern deeply buried in the mud, which will make the task of raising her a difficult one.

### Breakdown Leaves 5,000 Men Idle.

Through a breakdown at the power station at Singer's Sewing Machine Works at Kilbowie, Glasgow, yesterday, 5,000 workers were thrown idle, and will not be able to resume work until Monday.

## What Every Woman Forgets

(Continued from page 12.)

the exasperation of an overwrought man in his tone. "Shut the door after you!"

But Reggie Lombard had no idea what big matters were under discussion over a telephone line. He was already on his way to a table where stood a siphon and down-turned glasses.

"Half a second, Fritz," he said, and sizzled seltzer-water into a glass, more vigorously than he intended. Bubbly water spluttered over the table and himself, and drew from his a monosyllabic condemnatory ejaculation.

"Just one second!" said Kavanagh into the telephone.

A triviality will distract an overwrought man maddeningly sometimes. Such was the state of Kavanagh's nerves that had anything been conveniently handy he would have thrown it at Reggie Lombard's head. He was jangled and tired out physically.

Reggie squinted seltzer-water again more carefully and retired, pulling the door to behind him.

"Hullo!" said Kavanagh into the telephone. "I'm sorry," was interrupted. Are you there? Mrs. Cleary?"

"Yes."

The monosyllabic satisfied him. "Just this," he went on. "If not seeing you—if renunciation will make for your real happiness—yes! But all the blame, and the responsibility for what happened last night is mine. I don't know how to put it. But not only you, but yours, are everything to me—because of you. If things turn out differently from what you expect, after last night, let me know—come to me. Suzanne, come to me!"

Kavanagh did not behave like a fool generally, and knew well enough that privacy for conversations was not guaranteed by the postal authorities, but it was a question of making the best of an immediate opportunity.

"You have made a mistake," said a thin, suppressed voice in reply. "It's Mr. Kavanagh speaking, isn't it? I'm Miss Cleary, not Mrs. Cleary. Mrs. Cleary—Suzanne—has just been sent for by my brother Michael. But I will give her your message!"

(To be continued.)



Miss Laura Masters.

## To Languid Unhappy Girls.

When robbed of all energy by Anæmia there is new vitality to be found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

So serious is the havoc wrought by Anæmia, that is, Bloodlessness, in the delicate frames of many thousands of girls and women in this country, that a warning is necessary to every reader of the weaker sex. The following has been supplied by Miss Laura Masters, a young lady residing with her parents at 16 Grafton Place, Northampton.

"It was just after I reached my teens," states Miss Masters, "that I first began to feel ill. Every morning I felt as sleepy and done as if I had never been to bed. By evening I was utterly weary."

"My appetite was more than satisfied by a cup of tea and a morsel of bread and butter."

"My blood was more like cold water in my veins and I always felt miserable. Deadly faints attacked me, and pimples broke out on my face."

"Breathlessness and palpitation distressed me a good deal and I was seldom free from a bad pain in my back. Headache, too, lasted for days together; I could not hold my head up."

"For quite six months Anæmia took all the pleasure out of life. Then a neighbour advised mother to give me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"In a week or so I was eating splendidly. The tiredness began to leave me and the headache and backache went. As I continued Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the fainting attacks disappeared."

"These Pills strengthened and purified my blood and cleared away the pimples from my face. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quite cured me and I have often recommended them to girls I know."

**THE HEALTH GUIDE FREE.**—Readers are invited to send a postcard for the Treatise on the Blood and its Work, post free from Dr. Williams' Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured countless instances of Anæmia, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and Rheumatism. Post free direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, 2s. 9d. one box or 12s. 9d. for six. Also of dealers, but see that you get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.—(Adv't.)

## FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save your hair! Get a 1/1½ bottle of Danderine to-day.

Thin, brittle, colourless and scrappy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will save your hair.

Get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any Chemist, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.—(Adv't.)



Great discovery in Central Africa by our Botanist. The Polishum Cherry Blossom.





**Breatheable**  
**PEPS**  
*are the Best Defence*  
*against WINTER COUGHS,*  
*COLDS & CHILLS.*

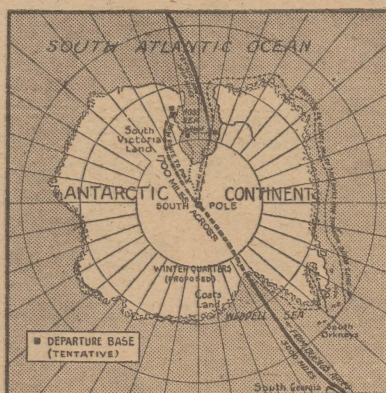


WRITING to the agent entrusted with the purchasing of the stores for the forthcoming Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition, Sir Ernest Shackleton uses these words :

**"I consider the question of the concentrated beef supply is most important—  
it must be Bovril"**

For the first time in the history of food value, and every ounce must yield up its maximum nourishment to the men who carry it.

Antarctic exploration Sir Ernest Shackleton will undertake an expedition where there will be no food depots for the return journey. The party must entirely and absolutely rely upon the food they carry with them.



Therefore every ounce of food must be of the maximum | the scientifically proved value of Bovril.

Bovril is the food which has been  
**proved by independent  
scientific investigation**

to possess a body-building power equal to  
from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

This was found to be due partly to its own high food value and partly to its remarkable powers of assisting the assimilation of other food.

The investigation which established this unique

power of Bovril was carried out by one of the foremost physiologists of the Kingdom on behalf of a Government Department, and the results obtained applied to Bovril and Bovril alone.

**That is why Sir Ernest Shackleton writes:  
"it must be Bovril"**



Coals in Motor-car: What Will Happen If Strike Continues. See Page 1.

THE MOST POPULAR ANNUAL IS "DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS" BY W. K. HASelden. 6d.

# The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

BRIDE WHO SCORNED A CARRIAGE AND RODE TO CHURCH ON MOTOR-CYCLE: SEE PAGES 8 & 9.

No. 3,198.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1914

One Halfpenny.

"JACK ASHORE" DELIGHTS BIG AUDIENCES AT THE ASTON HIPPODROME.



Aston (Birmingham) Hippodrome is providing its patrons with a splendid programme this week, including Mr. Stephen Philpotts's company in a screaming absurdity, entitled "Jack Ashore, or in search of a Sweetheart," which causes the house to rock

with laughter. The pictures show scenes and characters in the sketch, including Ye Four Jolly Sailors, whose performance is most mirth-provoking. The women's parts are also most capably sustained.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)